THE MARILYN MONROE TRIP:
A PORTFOLIO OF SERIGRAPHIC
PRINTS BY BERT STERN

AVANT GARDE 2

CONTENTS

THE MARILYN MONROE TRIP 12
A PORTFOLIO OF SERIGRAPHS BY BERT STERN

WALTER BOWART: MILD-MANNERED EDITOR 25
BY TOM HYMAN

PROF. EINSTEIN TO DR. FREUD: "CAN WE ELIMINATE WAR?" 32

THE PASSION OF NORMAN F. DACEY 37
BY NORMAN F. DACEY

ORPHAN OF THE FLOOD 42
BY MITCHELL WOJTYCKI

THE EROTIC TOMB SCULPTURES OF MADAGASCAR 44
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SARAJANE ARCHDEACON

AVANT-GARDE'S "NO MORE WAR!" POSTER CONTEST 49

PEACE MOVEMENT 50
BY GARY YOUREE

PICASSO: THE ARTIST AS AN ETERNALLY YOUNG MAN 54
BY BRIAN FITZHERBERT

THE VISITOR 58
BY ROALD DAHL

AVANT GARDE

EDITOR RALPH GINZBURG
ART DIRECTOR HERB LUBALIN
ARTICLES EDITOR LESLIE M. POCKELL
EXECUTIVE EDITOR LAWRENCE WITCHEL
MANAGING EDITOR R. CLIFFORD WEBSTER
FEATURES EDITOR JEFF BERNER
COPY EDITOR L. RANSOM BURTON
RESEARCH DIRECTOR ROSEMARY LATIMORE
PRODUCTION DIRECTOR ART WHITMAN
BUSINESS DIRECTOR MIRIAM FIER
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR PAUL FEINGOLD
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR DAVID PAUL JAEGER
PROMOTION DIRECTOR SHOSHANA GINZBURG

STAFF: STEVE R. ADAMS, DEBORAH A. BELL, LINDA BRODER, MARGO E. BROWN, RUFUS CAUSER, HENRY COJULUN, VIRGINIA CUNNINGHAM, JOSEPHINE DABROWSKI, BETTY FIER, EDITH GOLDSTEIN, HARRY C. JACKSON, PATRICIA LEE, ROBERT E. LEE, SUZANNE AIMES LIVORNESE, VERNON MAXWELL, JOSEPHINE MILLER, NORMAN MOSKOWITZ, DAWN OUELLETTE, ROBERT REISNER, RICHARD RUND, JOEL SERRANO, BARBARA SMUKLER, PHILIP SMUKLER, ALLAN H. STEINFELD, MARIE UDOGREN SUTTON, CARRIE B. WEISS, MARGARET A. WHEATLY, VERA WILLIAMS

[illegible]

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor,

Today received first issue of A/G. BEAURIFIC!!! MULTIBRAVO!!!!!

Mrs. Sherman Patrick
New York

Sir,

Your first issue was slender, but more charged with emotion than anything I've ever read, Captain Levy's hate letters in particular. Congratulations, and don't let the bastards grind you down.

W.E. Cadwalader
Houston

Gentlemen:

As a designer, I respect your graphics; as a father, I'm glad I was home to intercept your first issue before it reached my 16-year-old son. Please cancel my subscription.

Frank Vitale
New York

Avant-Garde:

My first issue became dog-eared within a week. Immediately, please send replacement copy so I can preserve it for my grandchildren.

Mrs. E.P.
Spokane, Wash.

Dear Avant-Garde,

I wish you fellows would get rich enough to bring out an "expurgated" edition so that us double-standard hypocritical bastards could have our children read the good in it without being corrupted by the bad.

Charles Del Marco
Kansas City

TO INTRODUCE YOU TO THE INTERNATIONAL COLLECTORS LIBRARY

Any 3 immortal classics in 24K Gold decorated bindings

All for only $1

when you join now and agree to accept only four selections in the coming year.

GONE WITH THE WIND
500. Most widely read novel of our century. Bound in handsome William Morris design crafted by noted American artist Rafael Palacios. Decorated with authentic leaf-and-acorn pattern in 24 karat Gold. A connoisseur's delight!
WAR AND PEACE
by Leo Tolstoy
503. A panorama of such sweep and passion it has been acclaimed as the greatest Russian novel ever written. Abridged to 896 pages and bound in the time-tried Czar Alexander II pattern. Cover design and page tops are decorated in real gold.
CANTERBURY TALES
by Geoffrey Chaucer
536. Among the first great masterpieces of English literature. Twenty-four rollicking tales of Merrie England's merriest days. Luxurious Marie Antoinette pattern embossed in 24 karat Gold. Matching ribbon marker is bound into the book.
Other volumes you may choose from:

Now you can acquire a library of classics in bindings so true to the spirit of famous old designs that often only a trained eye can tell the difference.

CLAIM YOUR 3 MAGNIFICENT VOLUMES TODAY!

CHOOSE any 3 of the masterworks on this page for only $1 with trial membership in the International Collectors Library. We make this extraordinary offer to introduce you to one of the greatest ideas in publishing history.

The private libraries of the past have bequeathed to us rare bookbindings of hand-crafted design. Today these priceless originals are found only in museums and in the home libraries of very wealthy collectors. Now the International Collectors Library brings you the great classics of fiction, history, biography, poetry, drama and adventure—in *authentic period bindings*—replicas of the designs on the priceless originals.

As with the originals, the beautiful decorations on the deep-textured bindings are elaborately worked in genuine 24 karat Gold . . . the page tops are covered with pure Gold . . . a rich ribbon marker is bound into each volume. These books form a library you will be proud to own and display in your home . . . eloquent testimony to your good taste as a collector.

For such magnificent editions of great classics, you might expect to pay up to $10.00 each, but the International Collectors Library distributes them *exclusively* to its members for only $2.65 each (plus shipping and handling). This price is lower than the cost of many books of temporary interest and ordinary bindings. Your sole obligation is to accept as few as four selections in the coming year.

Send for your three introductory volumes now. If you are not overwhelmed by their beauty and value, return them in 10 days and owe nothing. Or, pay only $1 (plus shipping and handling) for all three and continue to enjoy the exclusive benefits of membership. Mail the coupon today.

INTERNATIONAL COLLECTORS LIBRARY
Garden City, N. Y. 11530

International Collectors Library, Dept. 83-ANX
Garden City, N. Y. 11530

Please accept my application for membership and send me the three masterworks whose numbers I have printed in the boxes below. Bill me only $1 plus shipping and handling for all three. If not delighted, I may return them in 10 days and my membership will be cancelled. Otherwise, I'll continue to enjoy full membership privileges.

Every month a new masterwork will be described in advance. If I do not want a selection, I may notify you and it will not be sent. My sole obligation is to buy as few as four volumes at only $2.65 each plus shipping and handling during the next 12 months. I've the more offered. After accepting four, I may resign at any time I wish.

[ ] [ ] [ ]

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss
(Please Print)

Address

City

State Zip

Credit References
(Your telephone number, bank or department store where you have a charge account is sufficient.)

2-CL336

Gents:

I'm puzzled as to why you devoted your lead article to Icky Dicky Nixon. Sure, he'll probably be our next President, but why dwell on the morbid?

Clement F. Covington
Los Angeles

Dear Sirs,

Rick Schreiter's caricatures of Nixon were fantastic.

You ought to sell them to the Democratic Party for the upcoming election.

Teresa Caldwell
Paris, France

Gentlemen:

Professor Hotaling's "Case for Retiring Our Most Overworked Four-Letter Word" is classic. I have assigned it to two of my classes.

Wallace V. Fitchhandler
Instructor, English Department
University of Chicago

Dear "Editor":

I have never believed in euthanasia, but after reading your first issue I implore you to do the merciful thing and put your magazine out of its misery.

Mrs. M.L. Chatin
Kendall Park, N.Y.

Dear Boys and Girls,

I am approaching 90 and am partially disabled, but—by God—your magazine has made me feel young again! Congratulations and best wishes.

Thomas W. Walsh
San Francisco

Gentlemen:

Your articles have balls and the art is tremendous. A/G is really switched on—with a billion volts.

W. Anthony Marsh
Mt. Union College
Alliance, Ohio

MARBORO'S
AVANT-GARDE PHENOMENA
SALE

BOOKS! ORIG. $7.99 NOW $1.00
ORIG. $15 NOW $2.98

RECORDS! ORIG. $23.95 NOW $5.95
ORIG. $47.90 NOW $10.95

Posters and Art Prints Too!

SAVE 60%—70% —EVEN 80% IF YOU MAIL COUPON NOW

3736. Allen Sherman: A GIFT OF LAUGHTER. Autobiography and merry case history of the bespectacled singer in U.S. show biz—the unemployed TV producer who overnight, with *My Son the Folk Singer*, woke up with $$$, 6 agents, a business manager, and a Carnegie Hall booking. *Pub. at $4.95. Very Special* **1.00**

RECORD SPECIALS

01053. RAVI SHANKAR. Raga Hameedhwani; Dhun Kafi; Raga Bankali. **Stereo.** *Only* **3.98**

01279. GREGORIAN CHANTS. Vol. 4. Choirs of Trappist Monks & Monks of the Benedictine Abbey, En Calcat. **Stereo.** *Only* **1.98**

01288. Guitar: CARLOS MONTOYA PLAYS LATIN FAVORITES. Montoya's famous flamenco guitar in Malaguena, Bolero, Farucca, & more. **Stereo.** *Only* **1.69**

01233. Charlie Byrd. SOLO FLIGHT. House of the Rising Sun; Mood Indigo; Tears; Nocturne; plus others. **Stereo.** *Only* **1.98**

01351. THE GREAT JAZZ OF ALL TIME. Ray Charles, T & J Dorsey, Teagarden, Shavers, scores of others. 10 LPs. **Stereo.** *Orig. $47.90. Only* **10.95**

01477. HITLER'S INFERNO. Vol. 1. Hitler's speeches, Storm-trooper songs, Voices of Goebbels, Goering, Hess, others. **Mono.** *Only* **2.98**

01503. MUSIC AROUND THE WORLD. On location recordings in 30 countries—5 LPs. **Stereo.** *Orig. $12.95. Only* **5.95**

01779. ANDRES SEGOVIA plays J. S. Bach. Segovia's own guitar arrangements of Bach's Cello Suite #5; Lute Suite in E; Prelude #3; Lute Sonata #1; Chaconne; & Violin Partitas #2-3. **Mono.** *Special* **1.00**

A-636. SEX IS MY BUSINESS. Startling recorded interview with Candy Barr, prostitute, stripper and "Jailnee" in which they tell their experiences in a frank portrayal of a way of life few understand. **Stereo.** *Orig. $4.98. Only* **1.98**

P-681. Portfolio: GRAFFITI GRAPHICS. "Yankee Go Home & Take Me With You" (from Saigon); "Othello Is A Bigot"; "Arcadents Cause People"; more—4 large reproductions (several graffiti are rarely of authentic graffiti from some of the world's most highly trafficked restrooms, subway stations, etc. Each reproduction 15" wide x 17" high. *Portfolio of 4. Special* **1.00**

1782. MATHEW BRADY: Historian With A Camera. By James Horan. The work of America's legendary photographer from his famous Civil War photos to the dawn of the 20th century. 500 PHOTOS, many from the restricted Brady-Handy Collection. *Orig. $7.50. New complete edition* **3.95**

3787. THE GRAND HOTELS OF EUROPE. By Willi Frischauer. Deliciously urbane grand tour of Europe's finest hotels—from the Claridge's in London to Monaco's plush Hotel de Paris, from the *dolce vita* of Rome's Excelsior to the historic Grande Bretagne in Athens, and many others—their cuisine, cellars, and others all their fabulous character. 48 photos. *Pub. at $6.00. Special at* **1.98**

3685. FORBIDDEN SEXUAL BEHAVIOR AND MORALITY. By R. E. L. Masters. Explores fact and legend in human-animal sex contacts, physiology and psychology of the male and the female homosexual acts, adult-child sex relations, and other censored practices. *Orig. $9.50. New complete edition* **3.95**

3462. THE LONELY EMPRESS. Elizabeth of Austria. By E. Hanfstaengl. Engrossing account of the tragic glittering life of Elizabeth, last Empress of Austria-Hungary, the most beautiful queen in Europe in an age of opulent royalty; an incredible story from her engagement to Franz Josef at age 15 to her assassination. 42 illus.; 462 pp. *Orig. $9.50. Very Special* **3.98**

3368. SEXERCISES: Isometric and Isotonic. By E. O'Reilly, M.S., M.S.P.E. 300 Photos. Approved exercises to develop those muscles directly concerned with the sexual activities of both men and women to produce maximum pleasure in the sexual fulfillment of marriage. **4.95**

2923. LAROUSSE WORLD MYTHOLOGY. Ed. by Pierre Grimal. This monumental encyclopedia offers a complete, up-to-date survey of the mythologies of mankind drawn from every continent and civilization since the beginning of time, and illustrates these myths with reproductions of some of the greatest art & architecture the world has known. 560 pp., 670 illus., 48 in color; 8½" x 11¾". *Orig. $25.00. Only* **12.95**

6997. THE HAREM. By N. M. Penzer. Complete and absorbing behind-the-walls history of the 430-year old Turkish institution, from Scheherazade to daily life of the women and the hierarchy of Sultans, "Mothers," concubines, and eunuchs, factual accounts of the incredible orgies, mutilations, murders and other excesses which rival anything known in the history of sexual pathology. *Interior & exterior photos, plus other rare illus. Special* **2.98**

5642. Richard von Krafft-Ebing. PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS. The classic work on sexual pathology and perversion, and the first edition with *all the passages translated into English—238 case histories* covering sadism, fetishism, frigidity, homosexuality, bestiality and transvestism. trans. & intro. by F. S. Klaf, M.D. 450 pp. *Orig. $10.00. New complete edition* **3.98**

4667. ROGET'S THESAURUS of Words and Phrases. Authorized, revised edition of the indispensable book for everyone who wants to find the right word at the right time. 700 pp.; hardbound edition. *Special* **1.00**

3738. LONDON ON THE THAMES. By Blake Ehrlich, author of *Paris On The Seine*. Handsome, beautifully flavored grand tour through 2000 years of London history, politics, architecture, arts, and social refinements—from the Londons of Peter Tamony and Dick Whittington to those of Oscar Wilde, Sherlock Holmes and Churchill. *125 rare engravings*; handsomely bound. *Pub. at $4.95. Very special* **2.98**

3741. Harold Robbins: THE ADVENTURERS. By the author of *The Carpetbaggers*. Fiery, throbbing "non-fiction novel" based on the life "that was not Porfirio Rubirosa"—follows the hero from backwoods hacienda to Harvard and a career as diplomat, international playboy, star polo player, and notorious sexual athlete. 781 pp. *Pub. at $5.95. Special* **1.98**

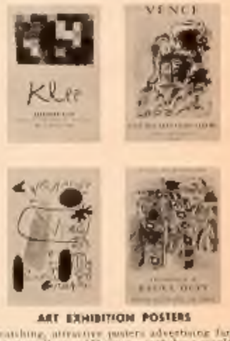
3749. THE MARTENDOLL CATHOLIC DICTIONARY. Ed. by A. J. Nevins, MM. Complete, up-to-date popular guide to more than 10,000 Catholic words and phrases in daily use, plus a magnificent treasury of vital information on American Catholic life; includes liturgical & canonical changes, special features on American martyrs, orders, church history, more. 710 pp. Imprimatur. *Pub. at $6.95. Very special* **3.98**

3296. LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MODERN ART. Ed. by R. Huyghe. Comprehensive, opulently illustrated historical encyclopedia in the era of Modern Art, from 1800, Les Fauves and the Impressionists to the present—OVER 1,200 ILLUSTRATIONS, 56 IN FULL COLOR—expert articles on artistic schools and periods; historical summaries by countries; lengthy survey of Modern and Far Eastern art; illustrations of painting, sculpture, architecture, and the "minor" arts. Fully indexed; 8½" x 11¼". 704 pp. *Pub. at $20.00. Special* **9.95**

1809. AUBREY BEARDSLEY DRAWINGS. Only volume available with the 8 Privatean illustrations for *Lysistrata*, and the suppressed Satyric drawings unmolested, as well as both published and suppressed drawings for Morte D'Arthur, Salome, Yellow Book, Savoy, Juvenal's VI Satire, more. 151 drawings, 8½" x 11¾". *Last Piece $10.00. Special* **3.98**

1790. TAHITI—IN COLOR. Remarkable collection of color photos evoking all the charm and beauty of these exotic islands and people. text in English, French & German. 60 full-color photos by Hubert Sieben; 9" x 10". *Special import* **2.98**

1268. IMMORTALS OF THE SCREEN. Ed. by R. Stuart. Big album of movie stills with brief biographies of Hollywood's most glamorous stars: Gable, Harlow, Fields, the Barrymores, Leslie Howard, Valentino, Bogart, Bergman, Garbo, Dietrich. *OVER 400 STILLS & PORTRAITS*; 8½" x 11¼". *Orig. $7.50. New complete edition* **3.98**

1195. IN SEARCH OF YOUNG BEAUTY. A Venture Into Photographic Art. By Charles Du Bois Hodges. Over 100 beautiful young girls and boys, both clothed and unselfconsciously nude, depict the rare beauty inherent in the young body; concise comments on each photo for the amateur photographer. 7¼" x 10". *Orig. $5.50. Only* **3.98**

ART EXHIBITION POSTERS

Eye-catching, attractive posters advertising famous European gallery exhibitions—each by a world renowned artist—each handsomely printed in gorgeous colors on extra heavy white art stock. Each 20" wide x 30" high.

P-646. Klee Poster.	**P-648. Chagall Poster.**
P-647. Miro Poster.	**P-649. Dufy Poster.**
P-650. Complete Set of 4 Posters.	*Special import* **3.88**

P-619. Aubrey Beardsley: SALOME PORTFOLIO. Handsome portfolio of six drawings from Oscar Wilde's *Salome*—John and Salome, Platonic Lament, Peacock Skirt, Bells Dance, Dancer's Reward, and The Climax—each an original silhouette after Beardsley, in black on heavy white stock, with cover in black on orange. Each 10" wide x 14" high on 11½" x 17½" stock. *Portfolio of 6 Drawings. Only* **2.98**

3374. Jean Genet: MIRACLE OF THE ROSE. Famous novel-sequel to *Our Lady of the Flowers*—dances with Genet's hallucinating imagery and phosphorescent delirium in the evocation of the muscular, dissolving rounds around which Genet's erotic prison ecstasies swirled in whirlwinds of somatic memory. *Orig. $7.50. Only* **1.98**

2000. OVID ON LOVE. Trans. into English verse by Betani Sabatyale Allison & Charles Pierce. Superbly produced LIMITED EDITION of Ovid's famous *Ars Amatoria* and *Amores*, with 11 fine engravings, heavy vellum stock, buckram binding in red, stamped in gold, and slipcase. *Orig. $20.00. Special import* **9.95**

P-677 P-676 P-667 P-600

NEW POSTERS

P-677. TARGET. *HUGE*—in blinding red, yellow, black and white. 40" wide x 40" high. *Special* **1.98**

P-676. OSAKA EXPO '70 POSTER. Gorgeous—stylized chrysanthemum in bronze-gold with iridescent red center on a matte black background. 20¼" wide x 42" high. *Special* **1.98**

P-667. ENDLESS SUMMER POSTER. Iridescent hues of fuchsia, orange and mango with figures in black. 29¼" wide x 40" high. *Special* **1.98**

P-600. LUCY in the SKY WITH DIAMONDS. Iridescent black-light poster in red, brown and purple. 22" wide x 29¾" high. *Special* **1.98**

2372. THE BOY—A Photographic Essay. Ed. by C. St. Martin & R. C. Nelson. Superb collection of striking pictures depicting boys of many lands alive in the vital spirit, the ephemeral magic of the young world about them, flexing their minds and their muscles in exuberant innocence and joy. 426 photos, most in gravure. 52 in magnificent color; 9¼" x 12¼". *Special* **14.95**

2130. THE HORNBLOWER COMPANION. By C. S. Forester. All the major naval exploits of this legendary figure, and a guide to the indomitable hero's wanderings, with cartographies S. H. Bryant's drawings of seamen, clippers, cutters, and ships of war. Profusely illus. with drawings & 30 maps. *Orig. $8.50. Special complete edition* **2.00**

3238. Andre Maurois: PROMETHEUS—The Life of Balzac. Distinguished biography of the prolific, "promethean" Balzac, the reckless gambler, the insatiable antiquarian, the great lover, the social historian, and the genius author of *Le Pere Goriot*, *Eugenie Grandet*, and the vast *Comedie Humaine*. 574 pp; 32 illus. *Orig. $10.00. Very Special* **3.98**

1984. POMPEII & HERCULANEUM. Intro. by Sir Mortimer Wheeler, photos by Jan Lukas. Fascinating photographic excursion through the partially resurrected sites of the magnificent Vesuvius—160 SUPERB PHOTOS in GRAVURE—providing a true-to-life panorama of what Roman civilization was really like. 9" x 12". *Special import* **3.98**

2006. HIROHITO, EMPEROR OF JAPAN. By Leonard Mosley. Engrossing biography of Hirohito, Son of Heaven, God of the Sun, and divine Emperor revealed the private person behind the public throne and, for the first time, tells the whole story of the Japanese side of World War II. 24 illus. *Orig. $7.95. Only* **1.00**

1462. ANANGA RANGA: The Hindu Art of Love (Illustrated). A magnificently illustrated edition of the classic *Ars Amatoria Indica*, comprising a rich distillate of six centuries' commentaries and elaborations upon the Kama Sutra of Vatsyayana; techniques in the pleasure of love—included also: a contemporary evaluation of Oriental sex manipulations, recipes and 25 full-page illustrations. Complete & unexpurgated. 8½" x 11¼". *Orig. $13.00. Only* **3.98**

1134. INCEST BEHAVIOR. By Dr. S. K. Weinberg. Detailed analysis, with startling case-histories, of incest and its effects on the individuals, the family, and society; reveals that incest may occur in any family, regardless of social standing. *Orig. $5.00. Only* **3.98**

9457. MEXICAN & CENTRAL AMERICAN MYTHOLOGY. By J. Nicholson. Handsomely printed, superbly illustrated introduction to Maya, Olmec, Zapotec, Mixtec, Totonac, Toltec & Aztec mythologies and their interrelationships—150 ILLUSTRATIONS IN GRAVURE, 32 IN FULL COLOR of the best in PERIOD ART—with lucid discussions on Time & Eternity, Twins of Papal Vuh, Quetzalcoatl Myth, the Calendar, the Ball Game, and much more. 8½" x 11¼". *Special import* **3.98**

3786. AN ABE OF LOVE. By Inge & Stan Riegeler. This is not a book for beginners—it was written by a Danish married couple, both doctors, both psychologists, both writers, written in blunt, non-technical language and illustrated with candor—it is what it purports to be: an important book on Sex and an enlightening guide to a complete and happier sex life—it stormed the bestseller lists in Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Holland and has reached over 1,000,000 readers. 120 illus. *Orig. $10.00. Only* **7.00**

3622. Dame Edith Sitwell: TAKEN CARE OF. Autobiography by the world-famous Dame of lordly eccentricities who here not only dissects her own memories, but "takes care of" such targets as D. H. Lawrence, Wyndham Lewis, Strachey, Galsworthy, Eliot and George Moore (and her friendships are just as funny). 22 illus. *Pub. at $5.95. Special* **1.98**

3569. Schaller-Weis: COMPREHENSIVE GERMAN & ENGLISH DICTIONARY. 1,825-page German-English / English-German dictionary containing about 114,000 headwords, plus technical terminology, special-ist vocabulary, idiomatic usage, more. *Orig. $9.95. Only* **3.98**

1976. THE LOUVRE—ONE HUNDRED BEST PAINTINGS. From the richest art collection in the entire world — 100 BEST PAINTINGS IN FULL, MAGNIFICENT COLOR—works by Botticelli, Montegna, Raphael, Giorgione, Titian, Rubens, Hals, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Watteau, El Greco, Durer, Poussin, Vermeer, Fragonard, Ingres, Delacroix, Corot, Manet, Degas, Renoir, Gauguin, Cezanne, Van Gogh, many more, all equally famous. 100 full-color plates; 9¼" x 12¼". *Orig. $8.00. Only* **6.95**

3636. THE THOUSAND RECIPE CHINESE COOKBOOK. By Gloria Bley Miller. The best of Chinese cooking from Gold Coin Inn, and Mandarin Garnet Beef to Black Mushroom Chicken Legends and Eight Precious Puddings (all authentic recipes!); adapted for the average American kitchen—even includes the secret of brewing a perfect cup of tea! Over 1,000 secrets, profusely illus; 926 pp. *Pub. at $20.00. Very Special* **7.95**

3717. Bullfinch: MYTHOLOGY. The complete *Age of Fable, Age of Chivalry* and *Legends of Charlemagne* in one volume—all the traditional tales of adventure, romance and chivalry from the Trojan War to Robin Hood, from classical through medieval times. 679 pages, index. *Special omnibus import* **1.98**

3583. TREASURY OF PHILOSOPHY. By D. D. Runes. Over 1,300 pages covering the whole span of recorded philosophical thought and writings. Each selection begins with a biographical sketch of the philosopher. Nearly 400 great thinkers, both Oriental and Western, many not accessible in any other collection. *Orig. $16.00. Only* **3.98**

4000. A DICTIONARY OF SYMBOLS. By J. E. Cirlot; preface by Herbert Read. The first reference work to provide a central source for symbological studies, with the *essential, unvarying* meaning of every symbol known to Oriental and Western man—symbols from art, literature, myth, ritual, magic. 81 illus. *Orig. $12.00. Only* **2.98**

3297. LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ASTRONOMY. Intro. by R. L. Whipple, Prof. of Astronomy, Harvard Univ. From the world-renowned publishing House of Larousse, a magnificently illustrated encyclopedia and guide to, and through, the intricacies of scientific astronomy—OVER 600 ILLUSTRATIONS—from meteors to novae, with a superb text for the general reader. 8½" x 11". *Orig. $17.95. Only* **7.98**

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

marboro Dept. AQ-100, 131 Varick St., New York, N.Y. 10013

Please send me postage prepaid, the bargains circled below. (Please add 25¢ postage and handling on all orders under $10.)

MINIMUM MAIL ORDER $3.

☐ Ship C.G.D.* ☐ Enclosed find $ _____

Charge my (check one) $ units in	Amer. Exp.	Diners Club	Carte Blanche	Master Card	First Nat'l City Everything Card	Limited to orders of $5.00 or more
your account #				the account of $		
1124	1195	1248	1353	1463	1782	1790	1809	1857	1904	1976
2134	2296	2397	2582	2802	2922	2962	3008	3150	3272	3274
3238	3360	3462	3500	3569	3622	3626	3685	3707	3726	3730
3741	3749	3786	[illegible]	4667	5643	6997	7717	9457		
8636	81035	P1279	P1280	P1322	P1351	P1477	P1585	P1779		
P619	P646	P647	P648	P649	P650	P667	P676	P677	P680	P681

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

☐ Check here if you receive monthly bargain circular. New York City residents add 5% sales tax. Other New York State residents add applicable sales tax. *A few cents extra for C.O.D. Add 25¢ per title for deliveries outside U.S.A. and possessions. 10-DAY SATISFACTION OR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

VISIT A MARBORO BOOK SHOP

NEW YORK: 47 W. 42 St. ● 56 W. 8 St. ● 144 W. 57 St. ● 966 3rd Ave. (58th St.)
PHILADELPHIA: King of Prussia Plaza (Rts 202, 23) at Valley Forge Exit ●
Roosevelt Mall Shopping Center, Roosevelt Blvd. & Cottman St., (Next to Klein's)
MIAMI: 96 Miracle Mile, Coral Gables
CINCINNATI: 27 W. 6th St. (in the Terrace Hilton Bldg.) ●
257 Swifton Center (Facing Reading Road)

Gents,

My God, what a wild and beautiful magazine!

David Hoy
Evansville, Ind.

Dear Avant-Garde,

I really dig the free-booting style of your book and feel a real kinship for you guys, so I hope you won't mind if I ramble on about a subject I've been wanting to communicate stateside about for a long time—namely, the extent of Army pot culture in South Vietnam.

It's no secret that quite a few U.S. servicemen have been turning on with pot or hash while defending the fickle honor of our country in South Vietnam. What is not known, however, is the true extent to which pot has become almost a way of life among GIs here. While narcos fight a Keystone Cops battle against pot on the home front, it is estimated that fully a third to a half of all Army troops here in Vietnam are grooving their minds with cannabis.

How does it happen that Army soldiers should in such overwhelming numbers convert themselves from juice heads to potheads? I believe the experience of my Company—which I shall call "Company One," since I do not wish to blow the whistle on a good thing—furnishes a prime example.

As usual, it all started on the troopship on the way over here.

The ship on which Company One and another 2700 men made its passage from San Francisco to Cam Ranh Bay was like the rest, disoriented and crowded to suffocation. Boys of various temperaments and backgrounds were crammed together like a stocking full of marbles. Among the men a strange ritual occurred at the ship's bow every evening. At first there were only a few initiates, but as contacts grew, so did the nightly group at the bow. Marijuana was bought and sold (usually at going California prices) or given away. Virgins were turned on by their buddies. The underground grew, yet managed to keep itself free from squealers. To this day, any number of soldiers would swear that nothing extraordinary happened on the passage, but at the end there were more than a hundred men whose trip to the jungles was more than the ordinary trip, who did their heads regularly and became the nucleus of large pot-smoking groups which formed once the

These two men have just named you their beneficiary

They are Ralph Ginzburg (in derby) and Warren Boroson, Editor and Associate Editor of the erstwhile muckraking bimonthly **Fact** (which *The New Statesman* has called "the sawn-off shotgun of American critical writing"). Ginzburg and Boroson have just bequeathed you their combined literary estate.

They have done so through the medium of a 448-page volume entitled **The Best of Fact**, recently published by Simon & Schuster at $6.95, but now being offered to readers of *Avant-Garde* in a special edition for *only $3.95!*

The Best of Fact contains over 30 articles that have made journalistic history, including "*Time* The Weekly Fiction Magazine"; "The Future of American Foreign Policy," by Prof. Arnold J. Toynbee; "Circumcision: The Unkindest Cut of All," by Dr. John M. Foley; "A Psychiatric View of the War in Vietnam," by Dr. Benjamin Spock; "The Golden Age of Graffiti"; "How a Middle-Class American Housewife Goes About Getting an Abortion"; and hard-hitting opinions by scores of celebrities including Arthur Miller, Dwight Macdonald, Melvin Belli, John Updike, Mort Sahl, Cleveland Amory, Paul Goodman, Mack Lane, Tom Paxton, and Saul Bellow.

Here's what critics have said about **The Best of Fact**: "Prods, pokes and punches America's leading sacred cows"—*Book News*. "Something to outrage everyone"—*Denver Post*. "Calls needed attention to shortcomings in American life"—*New York Times*. "Irreverent, controversial, uncommonly frank, impressive, tough"—*Library Journal*. "The most incendiary book in print"—*Marion* (Ind.) *Chronicle*. "It'll tear your heart out"—*Nashville Tennessean*. "Truly a mind-expander"—*Chicago Tribune*. "Raises hackles and speeds pulses"—*Madison* (Wisc.) *Capital Times*. "Get it; read it; pass it around"—*El Paso Herald Post*.

When you consider that **The Best of Fact** contains the quintessence of three years worth of this galvanic magazine—which cost $22.50—you'll realize what a fantastic offer this is.

To obtain your copy of **The Best of Fact**, simply send $3.95 and your name and address, with the words "Best of Fact," to: Avant-Garde Books, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018. If you don't happen to have a stamp and envelope handy, please use the postage-paid reply-envelope facing page 72 of this issue of *Avant-Garde* (simply ignore the writing on the envelope). Please make checks payable to "Avant-Garde Books."

Since quantities of this special printing of **The Best of Fact** are limited, we urge you to act *at once*. Remember what Machiavelli said: "A son may bear with equanimity the loss of a father, but the loss of an inheritance can drive him to despair."

men settled into land routines at Cam Ranh and elsewhere. Evidence is too slight to tell of activity among the officers on lower decks, but rumors were rife.

* * *

Cam Ranh Bay is not a dangerous place. We who are stationed here are occasionally harassed by enemy mortar attacks or fanatical guerrillas, and we experience up-tight moments out on patrol, but most of the time we are involved in purposeless routine—filling papers, cleaning latrines, etc. Nevertheless, nerve-tensions build up—if only from the whine of the generators, or the continuous thumping of artillery or the occasional sight of a coffin, and we seek escape however we can.

Company One is usually well supplied with booze for its off-duty troops, mostly beer. But waits between booze boats can be tedious, and insufferable lines develop when the stuff comes in. In fact, there are waiting lines everywhere booze is available, in canteens or NCO clubs where one drinks with noise and drunkenness at their worst. One alternative is to chip in with some buddies and buy a case of beer, getting plastered on some isolated sand dune. Settle in and the hell with how you will greet tomorrow's 7:00 a.m. formation. The hell with what might happen during the night if you are called to break out the rifle or to work on some emergency, like medical evacuation of the wounded. Drink up and "gear yourself down" till you pass out.

Because of the occasional scarcity of booze, and because of the distasteful conditions under which it can be had, there is sometimes a fierce black market in alcohol. An extreme report has it that $900 was charged for a pallet of beer (64 cases) in Cam Ranh. And so many of the troops satisfy their craving for recreation by a new form of respite which, though not really sanctioned, offers boost without hangover and a fuller escape. Instead of what can incapacitate and numb, with no hassle and for $2 an ounce (a mere fraction of the cost of booze) any soldier in Vietnam may obtain enough pot to make his rest worthwhile. Contrary to reports though, the stuff is often laced with opium. Americans not only fear the habit-forming blend but refuse to buy it. Invariably the mixture's effect is a heaviness of arms and legs. Heads are known to shake down native dealers who have burned the troops with hard stuff. Only loners have been hooked into addiction by such deals.

Leaving his drunken fellows, the soldier of Company One takes to a quiet place with a few friends. Stoking their pipes or rolling their joints with excellent ganja, they blow their minds in tranquil talk as the surf rolls in and the support craft tug gently at anchor. While the drug lasts its three to five hours these breakers of the law feel nothing of drunkenness. Talk is not small, but of large perspective. The senses seem on holiday, converting raw data into mild and sometimes acute pleasure. Time appears to slow, prolonging the wide exhilaration. If the war can't be blotted out, as it can be with booze, it can be more nicely ignored (or borne) with this mind-power. Talk is of happy things, funny or incongruous things. Tough relationships are formed between these men, regardless of classification, intelligence, social or economic background, etc. The men dig each other, everybody's personal interest seems relevant. If they must remain soldiers, they will not be faceless. Above all, there is a pervasive humanity of thought and feeling. No wonder the soldier of Company One seeks relief this way! And no wonder he's damned eager to turn on every innocent to marijuana.

* * *

Company One, like most companies over here, can be divided roughly into two components: the jungle boys who face the enemy on patrols, and those who support them. Both groups take on pot, but because jungle boys must be absent from base for indefinite periods, they use it less. About 35% of these seek-and-finders are regular users of marijuana. As one head says, "for pure relaxation it beats booze to hell." Frequently, these men pick up quantities of pot while on patrol in outlying districts. The farther away from home, the cheaper it is. "And how!" exclaims a head who obtained half a pound of good stuff for $2 while looking for Viet Cong. And in the delta north of Ben Hoa hundreds of acres of magnificent grass wave gently in the breeze, ripe for the picking.

The major part of Company One is engaged in the daily activity of "consolidation and supply," much of it paperwork. When this part of the Company arrived at the Bay, eleven of its men were hard-core heads. Within two months the number had increased to 60. At the end of six months, slightly more than 50% of the "support" troops of Company One were no longer chaste (in all, about 150 men from a Company of 250). These heads could never kick the fear that at any moment a "straight" might turn them in.

To demonstrate how the Seven Arts Book Society can help you build a magnificent art library in your own home...

Take any one

of these valuable books or sets, retail up to $75, at savings as much as 80% off retail

ANY ONE OF THESE—$4.95

748. THE STYLES OF EUROPEAN ART. Hartlaub. Retail $10.00.

728. ARCHITECTS ON ARCHITECTURE. Retail $12.50.

749. NEW ART AROUND THE WORLD: Painting & Sculpture. Retail $15.00.

701. DALMIER. Retail $17.50.

745. MODERN ARCHITECTURE AND IMPRESSIONISM. Retail $12.50.

737. POUSSIN. Retail $17.50.

738. TWENTIETH CENTURY ARCHITECTURE. Retail $10.00.

ANY ONE OF THESE—$7.95

730. TREASURES OF KOREAN ART. Retail $15.00.

742. THE ART OF ARRANGING FLOWERS. Retail $12.50.

741. THE FLOWERING OF ART NOUVEAU. Retail $12.50.

735. STUDIOS AND STYLES OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE. Retail $15.00.

722. PABLO PICASSO. Retail $15.00.

721. DESIGN OF CITIES. Edmund Bacon. Retail $12.50.

SPECIAL OFFERS

726. VISION & VALUE
I. Education of Vision, The Nature and Art of Motion, Structure in Art and Science. Retail $17.50.
II. The Man-Made Object, Sign, Image, Symbol, Models, Proportion, Symmetry, Rhythm. Retail $17.50.
Magnificent six volume set, retail $35.00, yours for only $15.95.

747. THE WORLD OF MUSIC. Retail $15.00.
Four volume set, retail $60.00, yours for only $9.95.

718. GREAT AGES OF ARCHITECTURE
I. Roman, Gothic, Baroque and Rococo, and Modern architecture. Four volumes boxed. Retail $20.00.
II. Greek, Medieval, Early Christian and Byzantine, and Renaissance architecture. Four volumes boxed. Retail $20.00.
Eight volumes in all, retail $40, yours for only $5.95.

If you have an appreciation for fine books on the arts—books such as those shown here—a membership in the Seven Arts Book Society will enable you to obtain these and other such books at savings that will continue for as long as you choose to remain a member.

We invite you to enroll in this unique Society—to reap the benefits of our nearly two decades of experience. You will be afforded the opportunity to obtain the finest books on the arts—lavishly illustrated, handsomely bound and printed books that will most certainly add elegance to any home.

The terms of this offer are simple. You need only accept four more of the many outstanding works that will be offered to you at members' savings in the course of the coming year. All books will be explained in your monthly copy of the Seven Arts News in which you will also find special offers enabling you to obtain free books.

Take a moment right now to select your specially priced book or set and mail the coupon today to: Seven Arts Book Society, One Park Avenue, New York City 10016.

The Seven Arts Book Society 568-1AV
One Park Ave., New York, N.Y.
Please enroll me as a member of The Seven Arts Book Society and send me the book or set I have indicated, by number, in the box below. Regardless of regular retail price, I will be billed at the special introductory price plus a small charge for postage and handling—my savings can total as much as 80% off retail. In all, I need only purchase four more books in the next year from the many that will be offered at prices substantially less than retail—then I may cancel my membership at any time. My membership will also entitle me to receive free books by responding to the offers explained in my monthly copy of The Seven Arts News.

Indicate, by number, your choice of book or set: ____

Mr. ____
Mrs. ____
Miss ____

Address ____

City ____ State ____ Zip ____

Catch all the birds in the bush

...wearing this dashing new authentic Australian bush jacket. Correct for any number of casual occasions. Made of Sanforized British Tan hopsack-cloth, this elegant bush jacket features a belt and four hefty button-down pockets. Its original cost to the Australia-New Zealand Army Corps was $23, but it is now being offered to you for only $9.95! To order, simply send name and address, size (small, medium, large, or extra large) and $9.95 (plus 65¢ for postage and handling) to:

Cornucopia

1 E. 42ND STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

Though Army penalties can go hard (one can be hit with a dishonorable discharge for it) and although MPs continually had their noses in the breeze (even those MPs who used it), the heads nevertheless persevered and multiplied. A number of men took to spicing their pipes with it, covering the scent by mixing pot with aromatic tobacco and moving through their rounds pleasantly stoned, showing no outward effects. These "high workers," as they were called, in no way were social deviants. They felt that even in stoned conditions they were adequate to Army chores such as scraping latrines.

* * *

As the pot mystique endeared itself to the men and as the line between heads and straights firmed, some soldiers of Company One not previously so inclined exhibited interest in "aesthetic" matters. The sand at the Bay is very fine, with perfect consistency for art work. Much of the pot society found an agreeable way to while away time while stoned by collaborating on spontaneous sand drawings. The first modest attempts consisted of geometric figures or naked women. After a while, as familiarity with the medium and with native temple art increased, so did our artistic conceptions, which finally became magnificent tridimensional designs, hundreds of feet square. For fear of losing our masterpieces to some blind trampler in the dark, the group took turns standing guard during the night.

Not was sand drawing our only mode of expression. Jazz was, too, but jazz with a Vietnamese flavor—and sans the ordinary instrumentals. One evening, while a group of heads tried to hang together a Mingus tune, an old-time blood pot smoker entered the tent with a Mingus repertoire only dreamable. With his convenient help, with the extra bonus of a few salvaged temple airs, and with the jury-rigging of a band in the form of bendable beer cans, bamboo sticks, an harmonica, and whatever other percussive sound was at hand, the group acquired a hybrid of Mingus, the drone of pseudotambura, and something like the farting of retired generals. But the sound was infectious and the pot society swayed in counterpoint, stoned on the grass and the mantra, feeling the smuggest of Army personnel.

Great enterprises were proposed and discussed by the group. A few hoped to go into film-making after discharge. Elaborate plots, camera techniques, ideas for cutting were popular topics when the men were stoned. One head invented a huge psychedelic house, and since the Company's electricians were heads, experiments were attempted with pirated equipment. Many of these neophyte arty types were not at all inclined to Bohemianism before their arrival at the Bay and their introduction to the aestheticisms of pot.

Heads were regular visitors to the indigenous Viet scene, as if their drug carried an invitation to go native. They got hooked on the native mode of life, spending much time in stinking villages to soak up local culture. Some became woodcarvers after the manner of the natives. Others pilgrimaged in large numbers to Buddhist temples in attempts to scare up spiritual ancients, and spent their off-duty afternoons making bricks to rebuild these shrines.

One of the heads of Company One, believing that the stuff enhanced his propensity for the fantastic, wrote a science-fiction novel entirely the product of the stoned state. When the urge to write hit, he did his head to ensure the success of his vision. A couple dozen of the heads took to writing poetry. None of them had the faintest idea of the rules of prosody, and it couldn't have mattered less. In search of the hard image, they drew elaborate pictures to fit their verse or sought out fellow heads to provide the graphics. There was talk of starting a literary magazine, editors and contributors all belonging to the elegant secret society.

Besides its fascination for the artistic, the pot culture revealed itself in other ways. During rain the heads were the ones who stripped raw and ran across the dunes, in their high state digging the feel of rain on sweaty pelts. They were the only ones who hoarded the horrible Grade C hamburger until one evening when they had enough with which to stage a huge open pit barbeque and "put on" for the entire Company. They were the ones who ate their stinking mess without complaint—not because they were happy for every little thing but because in their stoned state beans could taste of steak. They were the ones who hung names on their tents like "HEAD quarters," "The Stone Garden," "Mary Juanita, Prop.," etc. They were the ones who discussed the relatively innocent possibility of secretly turning on the whole Company. One of them—an exceedingly incautious cook—was busted when he ground down thousands of seeds and put the mash into the mess coffee. Fortunately (or not), nothing happened. The stuff tasted badly and inquiries led to the cause. The heads were the ones who especially favored those fantastic steam houses run by the Vietnamese for their

The First All-Label, No-Obligation Discount Record Service to Offer All These Advantages

BIG DISCOUNTS! Always at least 33⅓% ...in some cases up to 75%!

PAY AFTER YOU PLAY! Charge all your purchases ...an exclusive Records Unlimited feature!

UNLIMITED SELECTION! Any record on any label available in the U.S.!

NO MINIMUM PURCHASE REQUIRED! Order only the records you want...when you want them!

Plus a unique extra bonus...

SELECT ANY RECORD OF YOUR CHOICE—FREE

if you join now and agree to pay the modest *lifetime* enrollment fee

Now...a record-buying service that has all the advantages you've been looking for — Records Unlimited! It gives you big discounts on *all* records, *all* labels — *with no minimum purchase required*. And you can buy *on credit* with at-home shopping convenience! What's more, you get your first record *free* for joining right now!

No other service, club or method of buying records offers all this *without obligation of any kind!*

No obligations — No limitations

If you buy records regularly — 5, 7 or 12 a year — you probably like to make your selections from a variety of labels. And you don't want the commitment to buy a specified number of records. What you *do* want are the most generous discounts that can be offered... *and* the convenience of charging your purchases.

You get *all* these advantages *only* with Records Unlimited!

Discounts up to 75%

As a member, *you have no obligation to buy any records*. But every record you *do* buy will have a discount of at least 33⅓% off the manufacturers' suggested list price (see the chart).

You can choose *any* 12" long-playing record of *any* label available in the United States. In some cases we are able to offer discounts up to 75%! And remember, Records Unlimited is the only all-label service that lets you charge your records!

Free Buying Guides

You will learn about these special savings regularly through your *free* copies of the Records Unlimited buying guide, which will carry listings of new releases and best-selling hit records. You can take advantage of the *super* discounts, or order *any* record you want at our regular *low* discount prices (plus a small mailing and handling charge). All records, of course, are brand-new and guaranteed to be in perfect playing condition.

First Record Free

Your first record is *free*, if you join and agree to pay the modest $2.50 *lifetime* enrollment fee. And you can select your free record *now* — stereo or mono — from the best-selling records shown on this page, or you can pick any other record currently available in the U.S.

Send No Money

Just fill out and mail the coupon. We'll send the *free* record of your choice promptly. You'll also receive a copy of the current Records Unlimited buying guide, listing hundreds of records available to members at special discount prices, along with a $2.50 invoice for your *lifetime* enrollment. Mail the coupon today!

BIG DISCOUNTS ON ALL LABELS

See for Yourself!

Manufacturers' Suggested List Prices*	RECORDS UNLIMITED
$1.79 through $1.98	$1.19
2.49 through 2.79	1.60
3.49 through 3.79	2.33
3.79 through 3.98	2.43
4.79 through 4.98	2.98
5.79 through 5.98	3.68
6.79 through 6.98	4.37

Special-Price Records Each Month!

Leading Labels — $.95 • $1.19 • $1.60 (Originally sold for up to $4.79*)

*The more costly records may be purchased at below manufacturers' suggested list prices.

records unlimited
Harmony, Indiana

CHOOSE A RECORD FREE—NOW!

Take any one of these hit albums—or any other record you want!

Records Unlimited
Box 500, Harmony, Indiana 47853

Please enroll me as a member of Records Unlimited and send me this record — free:

Catalog No. .....
Title .....
Label .....
Send this record in: ☐ Stereo ☐ Monaural

Also send me a copy of the current Records Unlimited buying guide and bill me just $2.50 for *lifetime* enrollment. I understand that enrollment includes no obligation to purchase any records at any time, but I can make the purchases I wish at Records Unlimited discount prices and charge them to my account.

☐ Check here if you're enclosing $2.50 check or money order for *lifetime* enrollment. As an extra bonus, we'll also send you, free, a handsome, brass-finished browser record rack in addition to your buying guide and free record.

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State ..... Zip Code .....

721-P/S3

© 1968 Records Unlimited RU-53/S68

W. C. FIELDS

His only recording, "The Temperance Lecture." A rare "collector's item." 12" LP plus 10,000 word biography and film stills. Includes 8 Mae West songs. The nonpareil gift! **$3.98 ppd.**

PROSCENIUM RECORDS

Dept. AV, 43 W. 61 St., NYC, N.Y. 10023

JAUNTY AUSSIE HAT—Traditional headgear of the rough, tough Australian fighting man. Virtually indestructible. Brim snaps up and down. Sage green. $15 value. Our price, only $6.95! Send name and address, hat size, $6.95 (plus 75¢ for shipping) to:

Cornucopia

1 EAST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

SWISS ARMY OFFICER TYPE KNIFE

Features large spear blade, small pen blade, scissors, double-cut saw, nail file, Phillips screwdriver, large and small standard screwdrivers, cap-lifter, reamer, wire-stripper, can opener, and lanyard shackle. Handsome crimson body. This $14 value *costs only $5.95* when you order direct from us. Send name and address, the word "Knife," and $5.95 (plus 35¢ shipping) to: Aladdin's Lamp, 1 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

CLASSIFIEDS

The cost of a classified ad in Avant-Garde is 90¢ per word. There is a 10-word minimum, cash must accompany all orders, and Avant-Garde's editors reserve the right to rewrite any ad in order to improve its effectiveness. Count two extra words for box numbers. If you pay for four insertions of your ad, we'll run a fifth FREE. We forward all box number mail and submit postage bills periodically. Address: Classified Ad Dept., Avant-Garde, 110 West 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018.

Literary

Will Print Anything, no matter how incendiary. Confidential service. For price quotation, send sample and quantity desired. E.W. Printing, P.O. Box 5420, Minneapolis, Mn. 55409.

World Peace Requires Esperanto. Text, record loaned free. Esperanto Library, Dept. A/G, Middleton, Wi. 53562.

Perpetual Motion Journal. Copy, 25¢. Free power. Entropy reversal. 1616R Compton, St. Louis, Mo.

Free Paperback Catalog. Details how to save money on paperbacks, hardbounds, records. Visit, Write. New York Book, 46 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.

"Message to the Black Man in America," by Elijah Muhammad, 355 pages. Send $5. Muhammad Mosque No. 2, 5308 S. Greenwood Ave., Chicago 60615.

"Love and Power: The Psychology of Interpersonal Creativity," by Paul Rosenfels, M.D., ($4.95) challenges the conformist systems of psychiatry of the modern Freudian era, offering an avant-garde concept of the real nature of man. Read it on free trial. Write: National Mailcraft, Rm. 401-C, 1737 W. Howard Street, Chicago 60626.

Foreign Paperbacks. Free lists. Box 767-A, San Leandro, Ca. 94577.

The Liberal, rationalist monthly, with freethought booklist. Sample free. Thomas Paine Center, 6233 North 5th Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19120.

Solstice Society's fully illustrated magazine. $3. State age. Dept. T, P.O. Box 3775, Van Nuys, Ca.

630 Adult Jokes, stories. "Time to Laugh." $1. Boycan's, Sharon, Pa. 16146.

Become an Idler reader. Lively, liberal monthly of the nation's capital. Year's trial: $3. Idler, 413 6th Street, NE, Washington, D.C. 20002.

Existentialist in Search of a Happening? Solid information by distinguished professionals. Happen, won't you? Quarterly, one year $10. Subscribe: Existential Psychiatry, 620 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611.

Music

Guitars of Spain, Ltd. offers superb concert instruments. Classic and Flamenco, by the world's outstanding constructors: Alvarez, Barbero, Contreras, Esteso, Ramirez, many others. Also excellent student guitars. Indian sitars. Lowest prices. Inquiries welcomed. 134 West 58th Street, New York, N.Y. 10024. (212) 724-8082.

Merchandise

Who's Afraid of Hermann Rorschach? Psychedelic ink blots pick your mind. Complete set, $6.95. Labyrinth, 550 5th Ave., New York, N.Y. 10036.

Tea Devotees naturally select Grace Rare Teas. Free brochure. Grace Tea Importer, Department G-1, 79 Wall Street, New York, N.Y. 10013.

Underground Buttons. Lowest prices. 5/$1, 12/$2. Posters, too. Wholesale, too. Fee free list, write: Box 2-103.

Four "Will" Forms and Lawyer's "Guide to Wills." $1. National, Box 48313-AG, Los Angeles, Ca.

Gravestone Rubbings: prints, instructions, supplies. S. Haven, 62 Salisbury Rd., Watertown, Ma. 02172.

"God is Dead, Vote for Billy Graham" 11 x 14 campaign posters. $1 each. Box 2-104.

Vacations

Spend Your Vacation Fasting. Ideal resort for health restoration, weight control. Free brochure. Enclose $1 for book "Fasting Can Save Your Life." Shangri La, Bonita Springs, Fl. 33923.

Wanderlust gratified, cheaply, completely. "World-wide Freighter Travel Guide" lists destinations, rates of 700 passenger-carrying freighter lines, $1.25. Trips, ups. 40-12mk. Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

Miraculous healings through metaphysical rejuvenation, fasting, super-natural nutrition (organic foods, juices). Individualized blood chemistry determines natural diets. Naturopaths. Biochemical tests. Insidious poisons, allergies, deficiencies. Restful scenic shoreline. Conservatory of Natural Longevity, 138 Livingstone Ave., Beverly, Ma. 01915.

Miscellaneous

Boycott the General Electric Corporation which violates the civil rights of handicapped Americans via the "Mr. Magoo" advertising. Send a dime, stamp, to Nadworden, 28 Chesney Ave., Trenton, N.J. 08638, for further information.

Rebels Wanted, grown away from Santa Claus, mythical indoctrination, federally supported religion. FORE, P.O. Box 2931, St. Louis, Mo. 63130.

Honorary Doctorate. Award yourself a magnificent phony. Huge, ornate baroque diploma, your name imprinted, framed, only $10. Millard Fillmore Institute, 246 Peoria, Daly City, Ca. 94014.

Future Town Site, Summit Valley, 27 mi. north of San Bernardino, Ca. 100 acres ripe for development as Cedar Springs Reservoir getting under way near property. State Highway 138 runs through property for 1/2 mile. Mainline Union and Southern Pacific and Santa Fe station less than 2 blocks. Adjacent property $6000 per acre. Investigation will reveal this offering a steal at $1000 per acre, $40,000 cash, balance 6% buyer's terms. Agent, P.O. Box 2, Redlands, Ca. 92373.

Employment

Overseas Positions offer high salaries, free travel. Comprehensive new "Guide to Employment Abroad" covers all possibilities. Includes "Directory of American Companies Overseas." Send $1 plus 50 cents postage/handling. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-A, East Islip, N.Y. 11730.

Australia Wants You! Government assisted passage. Unlimited opportunities. Latest government information and forms, $1. Austco, P.O. Box 3633-HH, Long Beach, Ca. 90803.

Foreign Employment information. Construction, other work projects. Good paying overseas jobs with extras, travel expenses. Write only: Foreign Service Bureau, Dept. F, Bradenton Beach, Fl.

Personals

Club-Level Square Dancer, attractive widow, needs partner. NY N.J area. Box 2-105.

Dynamic, humanistic music teacher, southwestern Massachusetts, Harvard '63, seeking female companionship. Box 2-106.

Brunette, long-term divorcee, 35, nonconformist, seeks companionship of over-40 gentleman. West Coast. Box 2-107.

Meet Your Ideal Mate through TEAM (Computerized Dating). Write P.O. Box 359, Church Street Station, New York, N.Y. 10008.

Bored? Send stamped, self-addressed envelope. P.O. Box 1018, Mission, Ks. 66222.

Dating Service. Computa Date, P.O. Box 20V, Peabody, Ma. 01960.

Explorer-Scientist desperately needs financial assistance for adventurous archaeological expedition in Alaska. Prospectus, ref's available. Box 2-108.

down upper classes and for the American soldier, where a body could blow grass as high as he wanted safely amid embarrassing riches: scented steam to clean and purify the soul, a Geisha-type masseuse and foot-washer, a willing and clean girl or boy, depending on taste. And a pipeful of hash cost only a quarter. Who but someone with a blown mind would fully dig such wealth? Thought the heads. Certainly not the Army, which is effecting the closure of these houses.

Within the pot underground homosexuality was discouraged, and not because all heads were hetero (they weren't), nor because the high discouraged overt action (it wasn't that high). Homosexual behavior seemed incongruous to the stoned nature of things. Once when two of the men tried to hold hands, the watchers dissolved in laughter: not sniggering or prejudiced laughter, but the sort that would burst freely if two men had tried to jack each other off during a conversation about quasars. This, the only instance, was never repeated, though the two men continued to attend pot sessions.

When the underground of Company One gets word that a Vietnamese village is to be burned for tactical or health purposes, the heads of the Company and other heads from miles around flock to the ceremony regardless of the danger. And ceremony it is. Native huts seem built of pot and when they burn the fierce smoke has power enough to blow the minds of every member of Company One, and then some. Before long the entire Company will be there at burnings, including lieutenants, senior NCOs, E-5s, and E-6s (who are usually status-seeking career men).

* * *

Company One can and cannot be used as a model of total marijuana use among all the Army troops in Southeast Asia. The marijuana story of this company is doubtless indicative of general trends. In some Companies, the percentage of heads is reportedly higher, in others lower. One well-informed soldier, who has traveled widely among U.S. military installations, estimates that the percentage of Army potheads approximates that of some of the large liberal American universities—Cal Berkeley, San Francisco State, UCLA, Columbia, State University at Buffalo, the University of Colorado, etc. But in the last analysis, figures are worthless. Who shall really care that perhaps half of the troops in Vietnam turn on, or that hash is one-fiftieth as expensive as in the States, or that the Army has busted close to 4000 men in the last 20 months, or even that such-and-such a percentage of those who command are potheads? What matters is that Companies One, Two, Three, etc., contain active and growing undergrounds of men who have awakened to the discovery that they are linked by a bond of secrecy to other men. They are felons. But more than that, they are all felons who recognize the sheer stupidity of the culture which chooses to call them felons and to treat them as criminals.

The primary topic of conversation among these men revolves around this contradiction. If one may derive such innocent and beneficial pleasure from marijuana, why should it be called antisocial by those straight people who have never tried it? Resolution of the paradox to them appears simple. Turn on as many of the straights as possible, even at personal risk, so that the crazy contradiction will no longer exist. As these soldiers reason, anyone who attributes aberrant behavior to those who use marijuana does not use it and needs to. Returning to the United States, where a much smaller ratio of head to straight exists, they are bound to become missionaries for pot. Those hours spent with friends while their minds were gently, tenderly grooving on, those hours of talk of big things, those moments when one head felt he truly loved a fellow head he might never have noticed otherwise, those soft minutes just before sleep and intriguing dreams—those human and humane experiences will not slip from their memory. With such secrets of beauty as these in the minds of Army heads, the American public and the Army brass will have to contend. The service heads do not intend to cop out when they return to the home front. They intend to blow grass as much as they want.

* * *

The real beauty of pot, as every head knows, is that it turns hostility into friendship and hate into love, not only between individuals, but even between nations.

I have seen it happen with my own eyes—at R&R Centers (Rest and Recreation) where both the NLF and the Americans send their boys (both sides march in from opposite directions). Several Company One lads inadvertently ran into their counterparts one evening in Nha Trang, and as both parties were stoned, some curious and warm relationships were formed. The boys got along much as American and Soviet athletes at Olympic Games. While this mélange shared a couple joints, the Americans were instructed in some of the fine points of Viet Cong pot use, and in return the

BORED WITH YOUR OWN GRAFFITI?

Put up an ORIGINAL LIMITED EDITION POSTER and zap! You're a collector.

16. **WARHOL** 25 x 28" Red, black, green, pink. **$5**

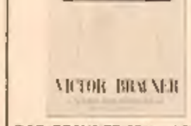
47. **LINDNER** 22 x 16" Blue, red, rust, yellow. **$5**

52. **TROVA** 26 x 26" Brown, tan, orange, white. Silk screen. **$10**

54. **LICHTENSTEIN** 40 x 26" Blue, yellow, red. Silk screen. **$10**

E 4. **MAGRITTE** 31½ x 21" Black, green, blue. **$10**

M 8. 29 x 39½" Red, blue. Silk screen. **$10**



E 18. **BRAUNER** 32½ x 19½" Blue, green, pink, yellow, brown, orange, black, beige. **$10**

E 33. **KLEIN** 31½ x 17" "Klein blue" on gold. **$15**

43. **MAN RAY** 22 x 37" Blue, red, gray. **$10**

G 1. **MILTON GLASER** White, beige, rust. **$3**

Y 1. **TADANORI YOKOO** 28½ x 40¼" Y 2. Red, blue, black, yellow, pink. Silk screen. Edition of 50, signed and numbered **$100** each

POSTER ORIGINALS, LIMITED
16 East 78th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021

Enclosed check for $____ for ____ posters as follows

No. 16____ No. 54____ No. E 18____ No. G 1____
No. 47____ No. E 4____ No. E 33____ No. Y 1____
No. 52____ No. M 8____ No. 43____ No. Y 2____

Name____

Address____

City____ State____ Zip____

Add 65¢ for shipping, insurance, and handling one poster; 15¢ for each additional poster. N.Y. residents please add applicable sales tax.

VISIT THE POSTER CENTER, the first gallery devoted exclusively to fine American and European art posters. Hours 10-6, Mon.-Sat. Phone 861-0422.

AG-1

CHEETAH SAYS THE DAMNDEST THINGS!

And says it in the most audacious, irreverent and provocative language, with no holds barred.

In past months CHEETAH has run stories on the "Henry Ford of Acid," Owsley Stanley... on America's new cult heroes ...and in-depth profiles of people like Brian Wilson of the Beach Boys, Jams Ian, and Michael Pollard, the young actor who may be up for an Oscar for his performance in "Bonnie and Clyde."

There's wit in Cheetah. From the Mama Cass "Playmate of the Month" poster to the Gourmet's Guide to Soda Pop.

And, Cheetah is the only monthly magazine to give its readers a clear look-in at the current scene. Have you read the fascinating piece by the Cheetah writer who went along with smugglers as they carried pot across the Mexican border? Or the piece on communal living?

If contemporary music is your scene, Cheetah offers unparalleled coverage. Bob Christgau has analyzed the poetry in rock lyrics, Al Aronowitz has reminisced about the last four years in the music business, and Tom Nolan has written a shattering article on groupies, the young girls who will do anything for a star.

Cheetah is the most important new monthly magazine of our day.

If

CHEETAH

isn't with you,
you're not with it.

CHEETAH Magazine / 1790 Broadway / New York, N. Y. 10019

Yes, I want to subscribe to CHEETAH MAGAZINE. Please rush me the very next issue as part of my

☐ One year subscription — $5.00
☐ Two-year subscription — $8.00

I am enclosing my check ☐ or money order ☐.

Name_____
Please print

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

AV-1

Vietnamese were told about American innovations. It turned out that the NLF allows its forces to use grass, but only away from battle (the U.S. Army might try the same rule). Conversation was warm, the war was not discussed, and the friends finally left each other in an atmosphere of good fellowship.

Such chance meetings take place regularly, I am told. And I believe there is a practical and important lesson to be learned from them. When the two sides sit down at the conference table, as inevitably they must (the other alternative is unthinkable), let's be sure the top brass is serving marijuana tea.

Thanks for hearing me out.

Yours in Peace,
Stephen Nemo, Specialist 5th Class
Cam Ranh Bay, Vietnam
"Company One"

Gentlemen:

I am pleased to inform you that Southern Methodist University definitely intends to participate in Avant-Garde's "NO MORE WAR!" poster contest.

Robert Halladay
Chairman, Commercial Art Dept.
Southern Methodist University
Dallas

Sirs:

We are participating in your peace poster contest.

Cynthia M. Dantzic
Art Dept.
Long Island University
Brooklyn

Gentlemen:

We wish you all success in your NO MORE WAR! effort.

John L. Head
Chairman, Design Dept.
New England School of Art
Boston

Gentlemen:

Your announcements are posted throughout the School of Art and Architecture.

Callista V. Clancy
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen:

Not only students, but our faculty will be entering your contest.

Malcolm P. Junkin, Jr., Director
Estudio Patzcuaro
Patzcuaro, Mexico

Dear Editors,

This is to inform you that The Cleveland Institute of Art will participate in your poster contest. Faculty will present the problem to their students.

Joseph McCullough, Director
The Cleveland Institute of Art

Dear Sir,

You have a most impressive committee of judges and can expect entries from our school.

Prof. Donald E. Nichols
School of Art
State University of New York
Buffalo

Sirs,

Your poster competition has been given as a class assignment. You can expect at least 45 participants from us.

David Gates, Chairman
Pratt Institute Art School
Brooklyn

AG:

I posted your peace poster announcement, but someone swiped it. Please send another. This time we'll post it under glass.

Prof. Laverne Krause
Univ. of Oregon School of Architecture
Eugene, Ore.

Brothers,

We have 19 halls on campus and I have plastered all of them with announcements of your NO MORE WAR! contest. Godspeed!

(Rev.) Gabriel Bullock
University of Notre Dame
Notre Dame, Ind.

The Theatre Recording Society invites you to accept the David Merrick production of

MARAT/SADE

"...explodes and detonates without mercy... It is a spoken-word landmark." — Cue

ORIGINAL CAST ALBUM of the Royal Shakespeare Company complete on three 12-inch, long-playing records. REGULAR VALUE: $18.85

FREE

with your first selection as a Society Member

◀ INCLUDED AT NO EXTRA COST!
Lavish production folio illustrating cast, Broadway stage production, historical background of MARAT/SADE. A collector's item, with over 30 photographs and engravings.

PLUS
Complete 116-page text of MARAT/SADE includes the music and lyrics to all 32 songs.

FREE BONUS GIFT
If you act now! Your prompt reply will bring you Richard Burton's magnificent Caedmon recording of THE LOVE POEMS OF JOHN DONNE. Acclaimed by critics, this 12-inch, long-playing record, a $5.95 retail value, is yours to keep even if you decide to return MARAT/SADE after your free, 10-day home trial.

Now—enjoy the great works of the theatre from Aristophanes to Ionesco through the most brilliant performances ever recorded.

To receive at once your uncut, original cast recording of MARAT/SADE, on three 12-inch, long-playing records—mail the coupon at the right. This $18.85 retail value is yours—free—to introduce you to the benefits of membership in the Theatre Recording Society.

Share the opening-night jolt of MARAT/SADE

If you were lucky enough to be a first-nighter at MARAT/SADE, you will never forget the shattering force with which this play hit the unsuspecting theatregoer. Even critics emerged visibly pale ...and called it the most soul-shattering experience of their careers.

Richard Burton

John Gielgud

Now, this exciting adventure in "total theatre" has been captured for all time on superb long-playing records. Here in turbulent action, wry political satire, and bawdy Brechtian song, is the seething lunatic asylum at Charenton, presided over by the most fascinating lunatic of all ... the Marquis de Sade. And every volt of opening-night electricity is brought to your living room by the same inspired cast that brought it to the Broadway stage.

Performing for you are exclusive, star-studded casts—available nowhere else!

A Broadway producer can rarely even hope to assemble on one stage the brilliant artists who perform for you, regularly and exclusively, through the Theatre Recording Society. For example, Laurence Olivier, Michael Redgrave, Joan Plowright and Sybil Thorndyke in Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*...Siobhan McKenna, Cyril Cusack —and Ionesco himself—in *The Chairs*... Ralph Richardson and Anna Massey in *Cyrano de Bergerac*... Lee J. Cobb and Mildred Dunnock in *Death of a Salesman*. These great plays —and great artists are typical of the superb productions available to you with membership in the Society. Each complete play is beautifully boxed and contains a lavish production folio. The full text of each play is also included, handsomely bound as a separate volume.

Leo J. Cobb

Claire Bloom

Members save 33⅓%

Though Society's recordings sell for up to $24.90 per set at retail, as a member, you pay only the low price of just over $4.00 per record, plus a small shipping and handling charge. Your only obligation is to accept as few as four plays over the next year from the many offered. There is no extra charge for stereo.

Claim your free MARAT/SADE now—an $18.85 value!

Mail the coupon to receive your free 3-record set of MARAT/SADE ...plus your first Society selection for which you will be billed later. (Select one of the three choices on the coupon.) If you're not completely delighted, you may return the shipment within 10 days and your trial membership will be cancelled without obligation. Mail your coupon right now!

THEATRE RECORDING SOCIETY Dept 86-000
595 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10018

Please send my free 3-record MARAT/SADE and my bonus gift, THE LOVE POEMS OF JOHN DONNE. Also send my first Society selection (chosen from those listed below) for which you will bill me later... and enroll me as a trial member. In addition to my first selection, my only obligation is to accept as few as four plays over the next year at the Society's low price of just over $4.00 per record plus shipping and handling. If not completely delighted, I may return my introductory shipment (keeping my free bonus gift) within 10 days and my membership will be cancelled without obligation.

Canadian and foreign prices slightly higher.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____
Please send my records in ☐ Mono ☐ Stereo

I have checked my first Society selection below:

☐ **Death of a Salesman.** Leo J. Cobb, Mildred Dunnock, Michael Tolan. **Member's prices only $12.90** (Retail price: $19.95) plus small shipping and handling charge.

☐ **Caesar and Cleopatra.** Claire Bloom, Mrs. Adrian Judith Anderson. **Member's price: only $8.90** (Retail price: $12.90) plus small shipping and handling charge.

☐ **The Glass Menagerie.** Montgomery Clift, Jessica Tandy, Julie Harris, David Wayne. **Member's prices only $8.90** (Retail price: $12.90) plus small shipping and handling charge.

gvg 63

The Marilyn Monroe Trip by Bert Stern

Hundreds of artists have been hung on Marilyn Monroe ever since she died five years ago (including Dali, De Kooning, Lindner, Rauschenberg, and 38 other greats who participated in an "Homage to Marilyn" show at the Janis Gallery in New York last month). Perhaps none has been more preoccupied with the image of Marilyn, however, than photographer Bert Stern who, through a quirk of fate, became the last man to photograph her. Stern's portraits of Marilyn, shot at the Bel Air Hotel in Hollywood on June 21, 1962, are classic and have been published time and again. "Still, I have never been entirely satisfied with them," says Stern. "Because of photography's technical limitations, they never quite communicated the dazzling image of Marilyn that existed in my mind's eye at the time I photographed her." As a result, over the past five years Stern has been experimenting with various new techniques that would enable him to capture and preserve the image of Marilyn he saw at the time he photographed her. Just this past fall he hit upon the answer: an amalgam of the dramatic technique of serigraphy and the blazing colors of Day-Glo ink. On the next 12 pages the editors of Avant-Garde are pleased to present Bert Stern's phantasmagoric vision of Marilyn Monroe.

Walter Bowart, Mild

BY TOM HYMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOEL O'M TCHEL

Walter Bowart examines a copy of his newspaper the East Village Other
His coat is made of an Amish carriage rug

On a November evening three years ago, I was standing out in front of the Ninth Circle a Greenwich Village cafe exchanging idle conversation with a friend who worked there weekends as a bouncer. A couple of young chicks in Levis, beads, and long straight hair came by hawking a newspaper we had never heard of before. They were so enthusiastic and insistent that we finally broke down and bought a copy. We were both magazine editors during the week and had a professional curiosity to satisfy. The newspaper, four pages long, was called the *East Village Other* and was folded so that it ripped when it was opened. It was, we quickly agreed, about the most incomprehensible piece of trash we had ever seen. The articles were so insane, the layout so bizarre, the type so sloppy and riddled with errors, we could only suppose that the thing had been produced by a drunken gang of hebephrenics who had somehow gained access to a printing plant. We were certain that the publication would not possibly survive for a second issue.

Maybe it was the bad light in the street or the effect of too much weekend booze or maybe we were just unplugged from what was really happening. In any case, we were wrong. The *East Village Other* has done better than survive. It has prospered.

During the three intervening years it has grown from a fragile four-page seedling into a healthy, giant, 40-page psychedelic flower. Today, with a fanatic following of 55,000, at the Voice of Hip, the Headquarters of Flower Power, the heart and soul of the Love Generation.

The offices of the *East Village Other* or EVO, as the initiated call it, are located in a loft over an old movie house on New York's Lower East Side. As I entered EVO's offices a few weeks ago, the first thing I noticed was a young girl with a soft smile and long black hair sitting at a desk. The wall behind her was covered with an unfinished psychedelic mural done, apparently, with Magic Markers. The adjoining wall carried the message, in large red letters, "America has a sexual problem. It can't love." Further inside I entered a larger sanctum. EVO's main editorial office. It was brightly illuminated by spots sunk flush to the ceiling. Two windows that faced the street had been converted into mock stained glass, with scenes depicting members of the staff in quasi-holy stances. Between the windows hung a monster poster of President Johnson's head superimposed on Hitler's uniformed body, which was giving a fascist salute. Graffiti abound on the wall surfaces: "Viva Che!" "The season of the witch is now!" "The blos-

Mannered Editor in Great Metropolitan

soming bioverse is yours." On a blackboard above some circulation figures, the chalked message: "God is love and he who aids in love abides in God and God in him." Off in a corner boots propped up on a desk and wearing a black cowboy hat, sat the editor and publisher of the *East Village Other*, 28-year-old Walter Bowart. Bowart got up to greet me. He stood tall, about six feet, seemed vaguely athletic and his face, framed by spilling locks of black hair and decorated with a mustache that was somewhere between a handlebar and a Salvador Dali, looked rugged and practical.

It was late in the evening, he was hungry so he suggested we adjourn to a restaurant across the street. He threw on his jacket which happened to be made out of an American flag, jeans and with sleeves, and we headed back down the gloomy stairwell.

Don't people get hostile when they see your outfit?" I asked.

He laughed. "No, man. I mean sometimes a hulbilly will giggle but they get over it. They see I'm patriotic, right? Besides, I'm polite, act friendly, respect people, so once they see that nothing else matters."

We settled into a booth at the restaurant, a hippie establishment called The Naked Lunch, ordered some food and Bowart casually and amiably began rambling through his past.

He grew up in a small town in Oklahoma, edited his high school newspaper, worked for a local television station producing his own show, then received a scholarship in journalism to the University of Oklahoma.

"But I wanted to study painting, so I took sculpture and art classes instead. Then I dropped out, took off my shoes, flipped a coin to see whether I'd go to California or New York. It came up New York. So I went to New York with fifty bucks in my pocket and no shoes. I hitched a ride all the way with a guy in a topless MG. It was early in June, cold and I froze my ass in that car for three days. I didn't know anybody in New York when I got there, so I slept in the park and begged money in the street. I found out I could beg three bucks an hour switching to a mock serious tone. 'Pardon me, sir, but I just got in from Frisco and I need some money to get my typewriter out of hock.' During the beatnik era that went over big. They wanted to believe it. But anyway, my own experiences out on the street makes me *mucho simpatico* with the kids out there today."

Bowart discovered that the fork the waiter had given him was both dirty and bent. He cursed the establishment roundly in his Oklahoma accent, got up and obtained another fork himself from behind the counter, came back to the table, drew in his breath a bit, assumed an air of sight sell mockery, and summed up his early years. "I came to realize at an early age that life was all a great morality play."

From his barefoot days in the park, Bowart moved into the East Village and for six years worked at painting. "Then I married a painter's daughter and had a painter's child. Then we took off for the jungles of Puerto Rico for a spell of Zen meditation. That was really beautiful there, sublime. We didn't need anything. We had a little one-room shack. We washed in the rivers, caught rainwater from the roof, had one Coleman lantern for light. It was beautiful. I'd rather be poor and live there than be rich and live here. We stayed there for a year on a thousand dollars, which included the money for all the gear we took there, including a car I picked up for two hundred dollars. We bought rice and beans. The rest, like breadfruit, we could pick off the trees– and oranges, coconuts, avocados. We caught fresh water prawns and fish. It was beautiful, man."

I looked up to see a young baby-faced chick with flowing locks of gorgeous red hair arranged in a studied disarray. She was standing against the table, her eyes fixed in a stare at Walter Bowart. When he finally noticed her, he got up and cleared a space for her to sit down. She spoke so quietly I couldn't catch anything she said. Bowart asked her, showing great gentleness and solicitation, if she was hungry, if she needed any money, and if she had a place to stay. She agreed to have something to eat, but mostly it appeared she simply wanted company to pass the time. She was happy just to sit and listen. I don't know who she was and apparently neither did Bowart.

Bowart picked up the thread. "After a year something in my head snapped. I went off screaming. I got *Time* magazine down there and it began to disturb me. I realized that I'd found peace down there, and I could just stay there. But this was my country, and this was where I should be. I decided to come back and face it. Maybe I could even do something about it. So I came back, got a job, saved some money and got together with some guys– Allan Katzman and others– and started this newspaper. Such as it is. If you can call it a newspaper."

What else would you call it?

Bowart stroked his mustache. "A see-it and-say-it-yourself television set. Or a bath-

My own following of the paper over the last three years (my first hostilities were gradually converted to affection), senses other comparisons. It's also an editorial gang bang. A graffiti contest. A fantasy. A distress signal. A threatening note. A disturbance of the peace. A pumpkin. A prefrontal lobotomy. An invitation to a beheading. A paper orgy. A pictorial beam. In short, the *East Village Other* is weird and different.

For one thing, EVO doesn't print bad news.

Bad news does harm," Bowart feels. "It feeds the violence of the mind, escalates the atmosphere of fear. Hate begets hate."

For another, EVO prides itself in reporting the news *before* it happens. This sounds like a whimsical claim at first, but in a way EVO makes it true. Bad news happens unexpectedly, good news is often the result of a concerted effort to *make* it happen, thus to some degree that kind of news can be anticipated, especially if you're involved in that effort yourself. In its October, 1967 issue, for example, EVO ran an article entitled "The Death of Hippie." It read, in part: "This new establishment acceptance (at least for publicity) ain't gonna work.... Hippies are dying

Newspaper Fights Never-Ending Battle

they can be expanded. On October there is going to be Tarot the festival of the hippie the birth Free Men. The procession will be from membership the geographical Haight Ashbury and the East Village. There will be people trucks, burning effigies hippies and a coffin with everyone throwing in their prized possessions. And then having destroyed the concept hippie and all that it then will happen all over town. The festival will be held to

Some time like Saturday September pass. At a booth at the New York *Fillmore* East a magazine article on the beat hippie movement.

Another facet aspect EVO that accounts for its research plus certain amount of specific outrage between the contents the hip community sells startling by funk approach. Sex Vietnam all its express. What other newspaper would dare to the world FUCK in a headline? Or print type EVO is also quite fully serious. A few messages follow Cardinal Spellman's death EVO devoted its front page to a photograph of the late Cardinal smiling broadly and a gigantic headline reading "Congratulations Cardinal on your promotion and Merry Xmas wherever you are."

Despite its weird way of dress EVO is substantial and serious newspaper. Its news reporting is level and often first rate. Following the last two space demonstrations at the Pentagon EVO ran a series of reports on the events that represent a the most revealing and perceptive coverage of that it can to appear in any underground print.

EVO's news services are quite vast. As a member of the Liberation News Service and the Underground Press Syndicate both new organizations of press movement which represent a post-Beat heritage and the underground newspapers and a reader ship of over a million. EVO has access to all stories that are filed by these two services. In fact however EVO relies mostly on its own resources. The staff especially Howard Peter Leibgott and Allan Katzman write most of the copy themselves. Their collective style might be described as a hodgepodge of abstract expressionism, pop surrealism, a potent and volatile brew of hard fact subjective impression, abstract flights of pure purposeless hyperbole, pure nonsense and free reference. Here's Allan Katzman ending his report on the Pentagon siege. The exorcism the last marcher was finally cleared away what was left was the bitter smell of gas human and synthetic placards meaningless with wisps ashes of burnt draft cards the eyes of young soldiers, tired, guilty and the hovering of bravado is of mystic insanity now made palpable in time before the new coliseum of some long ago forgotten ever.

Articles and essays are often contributed by outsiders. EVO pays them nothing. They're usually people who have something they want to get off their chest. Howart says. If a guy's really strung out we might give him ten bucks or something. EVO staffers work for a flat salary $50 a week. Any profit the paper makes is plowed back into the operation. I don't know where it comes from or where is going. I feel like I'm on a surfboard balancing on a wave which could at any moment sweep over me or leave me becalmed. All I'm trying to do is keep my own head straight. Some papers a long progression in the step of putting out a product all the philosophy I developed about the whole setting up was over so many years letting the wife support me.

Now it's like the Keystone Cops. There's no privacy on the thing. I give a keep-in numbered to all you're invited any time to change. Everybody wants to know what's happening and they think I can tell them. I get every night. Where's my beeper where can I away who's only at the. What do you think of the hippies as a sociological move-ment?" The sociologists are really a drag. The last one when he asked me this I grabbed him by the tie. Howart jumped up and I pulled it out and started tightening it. This is what it's all about. Strangulation! Arrrggghhhhh.

I've moved out to Long Island. He said to get away from it. Got a little four-room place in the woods out there. I spend three or four days in the city and three or four days out there. When I'm in town I just sleep on the office floor. But it seems to usually in the wee hours.

Said Jerry Levine, the editor, who's through a number of the restaurant and come over to Howart. Tarot Spade. Ladies are upon the floor. He said they would see you. Howart squirmed. About what? I don't know they seemed to get a bit sour at me. Howart grinned. Why didn't you tell them you were me. They wouldn't know the difference. The editor laughed. Gosh no, I don't. Howart apparently.

Every group and that was they want. Howart said. Let's not let them get up. If I was to tell them I wasn't.

The editors agreed. Indeed and with these uncertain instructions departed.

for the Liberation of the Human Spirit

"It happens all the time," Bowart said "People."

A newer demand on Bowart's time is lecturing. But he enjoys this. A Methodist and a Catholic organization had each invited him to speak to a group of students recently. "There's a lot of frustrated energy there," he said "These kids are tuning in! I talk to them about LSD as the true Host which is my church. If I've got to go to *their* church they've got to hear about *my* church. I talk to them about drugs, how not to confuse the hard drugs from the nondrug drugs (soul foods), and I talk to them about astro-projection, the recurrence of the anima symbol, and about [speeding up his voice] the polysector director and the intergalactic pecker-checker from C-55, Lieutenant God and Captain Gabriel of the Space Patrol! And I talk to them about sex. The kids are really interested in sex. Every time I talk something happens. Like last week up in Massachusetts my fly was unzipped. So I turned around and zipped it up and they all laughed. So I said 'Well, that's where it's really at, man!' That broke the ice! A lot of what I say is over their heads, but at least they feel the intensity of it, the passion there. I can't talk down to them they've got to reach for it.

I could see him as a lecturer: unorthodox but good. As our conversation wandered afield, into the realms of philosophy, religion, politics, art, violence, the slums, Bowart kept up a fascinating patter, his peculiar personal blend of humor and seriousness, now lecturing, now cajoling, taking a surprise corner that almost loses you, showing a flash of poetry here, a bit of wisdom there, telescoping his sentences, speaking in bold colors and images, as if painting a picture for you to see. He communicates enthusiasm, and this is much of his charm. There's more than a little bit of Elmer Gantry in him, and he seems aware of it. Much of his humor is directed at deflating himself, wiping away the impression that he's lecturing you, or that he'd ever to lecture you. But he enjoys teaching, being the guru.

No doubt this is the basic enjoyment he has derived from EVO, which has been an important platform for his teaching, for spreading his ideas.

With Bowart's and his editors' ideas, EVO continues to grow. Circulation and advertising increase with every issue, and its readership is broadening, moving out from the parochial confines of the Love Generation. Bowart wants the paper to recognize and capitalize on that wider responsibility and opportunity.

EVO is becoming part of a new establishment. Plans are afoot to begin publishing weekly instead of biweekly. Bowart is negotiating to begin printing the paper from several locations across the country, to transform it into a national journal. The staff is being expanded and the organization (until now the essence of casual) is being made more efficient. Bowart feels the paper has a bright future.

About a week following our conversations, the EVO staff held a birthday party—or rebirth, as they called it—to celebrate EVO's third year. Some thirty staffers were gathered in the editorial office in the early evening. It was a cold night, so everyone had come bundled in an odd array of garments to keep warm. One girl had a man's trench coat, about nine sizes too big, wrapped around her; one skinny young editor wore a bright orange, airline ground-crew jump suit over what appeared to be most of his wardrobe. Others came in Navy pea jackets, old overcoats, blankets, shawls, multiple layers of shirts and turtle-neck sweaters, desert boots, sandals over socks, and other improvisions against the elements.

A cake with three candles was Lt. Peter Leggieri, a short, robust, bearded 25-year-old who is studying for his bar exam on the side, gave a short invocation. A hymn was sung with ragged good humor. Bowart was presented with a large gold-colored ring tied to a loop of rawhide. It was placed with great ceremony around his neck. Someone said it represented a snake biting its tail—the symbol that "all is one." Amid storms of laughter and applause, Bowart made some remarks about the past success and the future hopes of the newspaper. Then Richard Gosselin, a thin, spiritual-looking 24-year-old with disheveled blond hair (he's a dropout from BBD&O) read a long prose poem he had prepared for the occasion. When Gosselin finished, he signaled for the staff to gather around the cake. He held a knife to the frosting, everyone put a hand on top of his hand, and together thirty hands cut the cake.

Renewal ceremonies complete, the staff broke into discussions. A fairly passionate exchange began about the relative merits of the country as opposed to the city, with Bowart champ[illegible] the former, Leggieri the latter.

A pipe was passed around and deeply inhaled by all. A noticeable degree of ecstatic relaxation began to permeate the atmosphere. In the midst of the chatter, Richard Gosselin suddenly drew in his breath and emitted a long sustained "OOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMM." The girl sitting next to him picked it up together in the same key, a long deep "OOOOOOOOMMMMMMM." Gradually several more picked it up. In a minute everyone in the room had stopped talking had joined into the "OOOOOOOOMMMMMMM," everyone together on the same vibration. A unison, a tonal unity washed through the smoky air, flowed into the corners of the room, poured through the ears and back out through the throat and over the tongue. A soothing moment of shared awareness. A sense that "all was one."

Host, artist and roommate, a Long Island [illegible] teacher of yoga [illegible] pushing [illegible]

Everyone there was young. Everyone was there because they wanted to be there. They were all bright people. They could all make money somewhere in some "job" if they chose. But it was better to be there with Bowart and be poor. Because this was what was happening. This was where it was at.

Our purposes are altruistic," Bowart had told me earlier. "We're part of a revolution that's occurring. In 1776 was the revolution of the body. In 1875 a clique of writers led by Emerson began the revolution toward liberation of the intellect. And now, 1968, we're engaged in the revolution toward the liberation of the spirit."

PROFESSOR EINSTEIN TO DR. FREUD:

"CAN WE ELIMINATE WAR?"

Thirty-six years ago, before World War II, before the Korean "conflict," before the Vietnam "pacification" — one high up at the League of Nations had an intriguing idea. Why not ask Albert Einstein, the man who had multiplied Man's knowledge of the universe, to direct any question he might choose to any person he might choose? The idea sounded gimmicky, but the amiable Einstein promptly agreed. And he immediately announced that he would direct his question to Sigmund Freud, the man who had multiplied Man's knowledge of Man. What was surprising about Einstein's choice was that he had always been amused by skeptical of Freud's theories.

The basic question Einstein asked was an obvious one. In a nutshell: Can we abolish war? If he were alive today the professor might word it thus: "Lyndon Johnson says he doesn't want war, and Ho Chi Minh says he doesn't want war. The Vietnamese people are being killed, the country is being devastated, American men are being killed, American resources needed elsewhere are being squandered. Why does the war continue?"

What Einstein actually wrote was: "It would be a great service to all of us if you were to present the problem of world peace in the light of your most recent discoveries, for such a presentation might well blaze the trail for new and fruitful modes of action.

"The ill success of all efforts made to reach this goal during the last decade leaves us no room to doubt that strong psychological factors paralyze these efforts. The craving power of the governing class in every nation is hostile to any limitation of the national sovereignty.

But recognition of this obvious fact is merely the first step toward an appreciation of the actual state of affairs. Another question follows hard upon it. How is it possible for this small clique to bend the will of the majority, who stand to lose and suffer by a state of war, to the service of their ambitions? An obvious answer to this question would seem to be that the minority, the ruling class at present, has the schools and press, usually the church as well, under its thumb. This enables it to organize and sway the emotions of the masses, and to make them its tool.

"Yet even this answer does not provide a complete solution. Another question arises from it: How is it these devices succeed so well in arousing men to such wild enthusiasm, even to sacrifice their lives? Only one answer is possible. Because man has within him a lust for hatred and destruction. In normal times this passion might exist in a latent state, emerging only in unusual circumstances, but it is comparatively easy to call it into play and raise it to the power of a collective psychosis. Here lies, perhaps, the crux of all the complex of factors we are considering, an enigma that only the expert in human instincts can resolve."

Einstein recognized that wars have psychological roots. No doubt economics, power-politics, ideology, and history itself are in the causes of most wars and of the Vietnam war in particular. But, as Einstein saw, wars are caused by *people*. In *The Arrogance of Power* (1966), Senator J. William Fulbright writes:

"If it be granted that the study of politics is the study of Man and that if politics is ever to acquire a new character the change will not be wrought either in computers or in revival meetings but through a better understanding of the needs and fears of the human individual. It is a curious thing that in an era when interdisciplinary studies are favored in the universities, little has been done to apply the insights of individual and social psychology to the study of international relations."

* * *

Freud's lengthy reply, virtually unknown to the American public, reads as if it had been written only a few years ago. He was sure that Communism, despite the hopes of its starry-eyed adherents, would be rent by nationalism. The League of Nations or any similar body, he predicted, would be effective only if it had a strong peace-keeping army. Large nations may see to it that there are fewer wars, but these wars will be infinitely more terrible. Modern weapons: shudderingly fearsome in their capacity to destroy, may work to keep the peace.

Freud's psychological explanations of the causes of war have also been borne out by subsequent observation, specifically his theory of innate aggressiveness. It has been shown that aggressiveness or assertiveness, competitiveness, hostility has a vital function. It is essential for most of Man's accomplishments. And if it is denied an outlet it will turn inward. As recent studies have shown, a nation that has a low suicide rate will have a high murder rate; a nation with a high suicide rate will have a low murder rate. The best way to deal with man's aggressiveness, then, is not to thwart it but to redirect it.

But what progress has been made in the psychological study of war since Freud wrote his letter? According to Bryant Wedge, director of the Institute for the Study of National Behavior, Princeton: "Psychiatry has failed to provide practical assistance in the management of international conflict, though such conflict has become vastly more dangerous to mankind since the time of Einstein's appeal." And one key reason is that "The psychiatric profession has been savage in its treatment of members who show serious interest in international affairs. Such psychiatrists are often accused of grandiosity or immaturity. International affairs seem both abstract and oversize from the profession's usual vantage point." The American Psychiatric Association, it seems, has much in common with the American Medical Association.

But there are changes in the wind. Some psychiatrists, Wedge points out, are studying the personality characteristics of foreign leaders: perhaps Castro, Nasser, de Gaulle: to help U.S. government agencies in international negotiations. Others are studying psychopolitical factors in specific conflicts, studying communications problems, working out means to negotiate with countries like China. J. William Fulbright even invited a psychiatrist, Jerome D. Frank, to testify before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. And in *The Arrogance of Power* Fulbright leans heavily on psychological insights in examining America's role in the world today.

"I would hope," he writes, "that psychiatrists, who have already contributed so much to the understanding of individual and group behavior, will in the future devote a greater part of their scholarship to the understanding of politics [illegible] and behavior. ... It may be that psychology and psychiatry have a great deal to contribute. There is nothing to lose by trying."

One can only hope. As Freud says in his letter to Einstein: that before a flour is ready, men are not already dead of hunger.

* * *

A final note on Professor Einstein's relationship with Dr. Freud. In 1936, three years before he died, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, Freud received the following letter:

Princeton, 21.4.1936

Verehrter Herr Freud:

I am happy that this generation has the good fortune to have the opportunity of expressing their respect and gratitude to you as one of its greatest teachers. You have undoubtedly now made it easy for the skeptical laity to come to an independent judgment. Until recently I could only apprehend the speculative power of your brain [illegible] with its enormous influence on the *Weltanschauung* of the present era, without being in a position to form a definite opinion about the amount of truth it contains. Not long ago, however, I heard a few instances which, in my judgment, exclude any other interpretation than that provided by your theory of repression. I was delighted. It is always delightful when a great and beautiful conception proves to be consonant with reality.

With most cordial wishes and deep respects,

Yours,
A. Einstein

Vienna, September, 1[illegible]

Dear Professor Einstein:

When I learned of your intention to invite me to a mutual exchange of views upon a subject that not only interested you personally but seemed deserving of public interest, I cordially assented. I expected you to choose a problem lying on the borderland of the knowable, a theme that each of us, physicist and psychologist, might approach from his own angle, to meet at last on common ground. You put me [illegible] the question that you put me—what is to be done to rid mankind of the war-menace?—took me by surprise. And next I was dumbfounded by the thought of my (or, I almost wrote) incompetence; for this struck me as being a matter of practical politics, the statesman's proper study. But then I realized that you did not raise the question in your capacity as a scientist or physicist, but as a lover of his fellow men. And next I reminded myself that I was not being called on to formulate practical proposals, but to explain how this question of preventing wars strikes a psychologist.

But here, too, you have stated the gist of the matter in your letter and taken the wind out of my sails. So I will gladly follow in your wake and content myself with endorsing your conclusions which I propose to amplify to the best of my knowledge or surmise.

You begin with the relations between Might and Right, and this is assuredly the proper starting point for our inquiry. But for the term "might" I would substitute a tougher and more telling word: "violence." In right and violence we have to-day [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible]

Conflicts of interest between man and man are resolved, in principle, by recourse to violence. It is the same in the animal kingdom, from which man cannot claim exclusion nevertheless; men are also prone to conflicts of opinion touching on occasion the loftiest peaks of abstract thought, which seem to call for settlement by quite another method. This refinement is, however, a late development. To start with, brute force was the factor that in small communities decided points of ownership and the question of whose will was to prevail. Very soon physical force was implemented, then replaced, by the use of various adjuncts: he proved the victor whose weapon was better, or handled the more skillfully. Now, for the first time, with the coming of weapons, superior brains began to oust brute force. But the object of the conflict remained the same. One party was to be constrained by the injury done him or impairment of his strength, to retract a claim or a refusal. This end is most effectively gained when the opponent is definitively put out of action or, in other words, is killed. This procedure has two advantages: The enemy cannot renew hostilities and his fate deters others from following his example. Moreover, the slaughter of a foe gratifies an innate craving—a point to which we shall revert hereafter.

Thus, under primitive conditions, it is superior force—brute violence backed by arms—that holds sway everywhere. We know that in the course of evolution this state of things was modified, a path was traced that led away from violence to a new law. But what was this path? Surely it issued from a single truth: that the superiority of one strong man can be overcome by an alliance of many weaklings that *l'union fait la force*. Brute force is overcome by union, the allied might of scattered units makes good its right against the isolated giant. Thus we may define "right" (i.e., law) as the might of a community. Yet it, too, is nothing else than violence, quick to attack whatever individual stands in its path, and it employs the self-same methods, follows like ends, with but one difference: it is the communal, not individual, violence that has its way.

But, for the transition from crude violence to the reign of law, a certain psychological condition must first obtain. The union of the majority must be stable and enduring. If its sole *raison d'être* be the defeat of some overweening individual, and, after his downfall, it be dissolved, the union succeeds to nothing. Some other man, trusting to his superior power, will seek to reinstate the rule of violence, and the cycle will repeat itself unendingly. Thus the union of the people must be permanent and well organized. It must enact rules to meet the risk of possible revolts, and it must set up machinery ensuring that its rules—the laws—are observed, and that such acts of violence as the laws demand are duly carried out. This recognition of a community of interests engenders among the members of the group a sentiment of unity and fraternal solidarity that constitutes its real strength.

So far I have set out what seems to me the kernel of the matter. The suppression of brute force by the transfer of power to a larger group, founded on the community of sentiments linking up its members, is all the rest is mere tautology and gloss. The situation is simple enough so long as the community consists of a number of equally powerful individuals. The laws of such a group can determine to what extent the individual must forfeit his personal freedom, and his privilege of using personal force, so as to ensure the safety of the group. But such a group is only *theoretically* possible. In practice the group includes elements of unequal power, men and women, elders and children, and very soon as a result of war and conquest victors and the vanquished—i.e. masters and slaves—as well. From this time on the common law takes notice of these inequalities of power. Laws are made by and for the rulers, giving the servile classes fewer rights.

Thus there is but one sure way of ending war and that is the *establishment, by common consent, of a central control that shall have the last word in every conflict of interests*. For this, two things are needed. First, the creation of such a supreme court of judicature; second, its investment with adequate executive force. Unless this second requirement be fulfilled, the first is unavailing. Obviously the League of Nations, acting as a supreme court, fulfills the first condition; it does not fulfil the second. It has no force at its disposal and can get it only if the members of the new body, its constituent nations, furnish it. And, as things are, this is a far-off hope. Still, we should be taking a very short-sighted view of the League of Nations were we to ignore the fact that here is an experiment, the like of which has rarely—never before, perhaps, on such a scale—been attempted in the course of history. It is an attempt to acquire the authority (in other words coercive influence) that hitherto reposed exclusively on the possession of power by calling into play certain ideals to which attitudes of mind. There are two factors of cohesion in a community: violent compulsion and ties of sentiment ("identifications") between the members of the group. If one of these factors becomes inoperative, the other may still suffice to hold the group together. Obviously such notions as these can be significant only when they are the expression of a deeply rooted sense of unity shared by all. It is necessary, therefore, to gauge the efficacy of such sentiments.

History tells us that, on occasion, these sentiments have been effective. For example, the Panhellenic conception of the Greeks' awareness of superiority over their barbarian neighbors, which found expression in the Amphictyonies, the Oracles and Games, was strong enough to humanize the methods of warfare between Greeks: though inevitably it failed to prevent conflicts between different elements of the Hellenic race or even to deter a city or group of cities from joining forces with their racial foe, the Persians, for the defeat of a rival. The solidarity of Christendom in the Renaissance age was no more effective, despite its vast humanizing influence, in hindering Christian nations, large and small, alike, from calling in the Sultan to their aid. And, in our times, we look in vain for some unifying notion whose authority would be unquestioned. It is all too clear a contrary direction. Some hold that the Bolshevist conceptions may make an end of war, but, as things are, that goal lies very far away and perhaps could be attained only after a spell of brutal internecine warfare. Thus it would seem that any effort to replace brute force by the might of an ideal is, under present conditions, doomed to fail. Our logic is at fault if we ignore the fact that right is founded on brute force and even today needs violence to maintain it.

I now can comment on another of your statements. You are amazed that it is so easy to infect men with the war-fever and you surmise that man has within him an active drive for hatred and destruction amenable to such stimulations. I venture to agree with you. I believe in the existence of this drive and have been recently at pains to study its manifestations. In this connection, may I set out a fragment of that knowledge of the drives that we psychoanalysts, after so many tentative essays and gropings in the dark, have compressed?

We assume that human drives are of two kinds. Those that conserve and unify, which we call "erotic" or the "sexual" (explicitly extending the popular connotation of "sex"), and second the drives to destroy and kill, which we as-

simulate as the aggressive or destructive instincts. These are, as you perceive, the well-known opposites Love and Hate, transformed into theoretical entities they are, perhaps, another aspect of those eternal polarities, attraction and repulsion which fall within your province. But we must be wary of passing hastily to the notions of good and evil. Each of these drives is as indispensable as its opposite, and all the phenomena of life derive from their activity, whether they work in concert or in opposition. It seems that a drive of either category can operate only rarely in isolation. It is always blended ("alloyed," as we say) with a certain dosage of its opposite which modifies its aim or even, in certain circumstances, is a prime condition for its attainment. Thus the drive toward self-preservation is certainly of an erotic nature. But to gain its ends this very drive necessitates aggressive action. In the same way the love drive, when directed to a specific object, calls for an admixture of the acquisitive drive if it is to enter into effective possession of that object. It is the difficulty of isolating the two kinds of drives that has so long prevented us from recognizing them.

If you will travel with me a little farther on this road, you will find that human affairs are complicated in yet another way. Only exceptionally does an action follow on the stimulus of a single drive which is *per se* a blend of Eros and destructiveness. As a rule several motives of similar composition concur to bring about the act. Thus, when a nation is summoned to engage in war, a whole gamut of human motives may respond to this appeal: high and low motives, some openly avowed, others slurred over.

The upshot of these observations, as bearing on the subject in hand, is that *there is no likelihood of our being able to suppress humanity's aggressive tendencies.* In some happy corners of the earth, they say, where nature brings forth abundantly whatever man desires, there flourish races whose lives go gently by, unknowing of aggression or constraint. This I can hardly credit. I would like further details about these happy folk. The Bolshevists, too, aspire to do away with human aggressiveness by ensuring the satisfaction of material needs and enforcing equality between man and man. To me this hope seems vain. Meanwhile they busily perfect their armaments, and their hatred of outsiders is not the least of the factors of cohesion amongst themselves. In any case, as you too have observed, *complete suppression of man's aggressive tendencies is not in issue.* What we may try is to *divert it into a channel other than that of warfare.*

From our "mythology" of the drives we may easily deduce a formula for an indirect method of eliminating war. If the propensity for war be due to the destructive instinct, we have always its counteragent, Eros, to our hand. All that produces ties of sentiment between man and man must serve us as war's antidote. These ties are of two kinds. First, such relations as those towards a beloved object, void though they be of sexual intent. The psychoanalyst need have no compunction in mentioning "love" in this connection, religion uses the same language. Love thy neighbor as thyself. A pious injunction, easy to enounce, but hard to carry out! The other bond of sentiment is by way of identification. All that brings out the significant resemblances between men calls into play this feeling of community, identification whereon is founded, in large measure, the whole edifice of human society.

In your strictures on the abuse of authority I find another suggestion for an indirect attack on the war-impulse. That men are divided into leaders and the led is but another manifestation of their inborn and irremediable inequality. The second class constitutes the vast majority; they need a high command to make decisions for them to which decisions they usually bow without demur. In this context we could point out that men should be at greater pains than heretofore to form a superior class of independent thinkers, unamenable to intimidation and fervent in the quest of truth, whose function it would be to guide the masses dependent on their lead. There is no need to point out how little the rule of politicians and the church's ban on liberty of thought encourage such a new creation. The ideal conditions would obviously be found in a community where every man subordinated his instinctive life to the dictates of reason. But surely such a hope is utterly utopian; as things are now, the other indirect methods of preventing war are certainly more feasible, but entail no quick results. They conjure up an ugly picture of mills that grind so slowly that before the flour is ready, men are dead of hunger.

As you see, little good comes of consulting a theoretician aloof from worldly contacts, on practical and urgent problems.

I would now like to deal with a question which, though it is not in your letter, interests me greatly. Why do we protest so vehemently against war, instead of just accepting it as another of life's odious demands? For it seems a natural enough thing, biologically sound and practically unavoidable. I trust you will not be shocked by my raising such a question. The answer to my query runs as follows.

Because every man has a right over his own life and war destroys lives that were full of promise, it forces the individual into situations that shame his manhood, obliging him to murder fellow men against his will. It ravages material amenities; the fruits of human toil and much besides. Moreover wars, as now conducted, afford no scope for acts of heroism according to the old ideals and, given the high perfection of modern arms, war today would mean the sheer extermination of one or the combatants, if not of both. This is so true, so obvious, that we can but wonder why the conduct of war is not banned by general consent.

Now I pass on to another point, the basis, as it strikes me, of our common hatred of war. It is this. We cannot do otherwise than hate it. Pacifists we are, since our organic nature will as thus to be. Hence it comes easy to us to find arguments that justify our standpoint.

This point calls for elucidation. Here is the way I see it. The cultural development of mankind (some, I know, prefer to call it civilization) has been in progress since immemorial antiquity. To this development we owe all that is best in our composition, but also much that makes for human suffering. Its origins and causes are obscure, its issue [illegible] certain, but some of its characteristics are easy to perceive. It well may lead to the extinction of mankind, for it impairs the sexual function in more than one respect, and even today the uncivilized races and the backward classes of all nations are multiplying more rapidly than the cultured elements. This process may, perhaps, be likened to the effects of domestication on certain animals—it clearly involves physical changes of structure—but the view that cultural development is an organic process of this order has not yet become generally familiar. The psychic changes that accompany this process of cultural change are striking, and not to be gainsaid. They consist in the progressive rejection of innate ends and a scaling down of innate reactions. Sensations that delighted our forefathers have become neutral or unbearable to us, and if our ethical and aesthetic ideals have undergone a change the causes of this are ultimately organic. On the psychological side two of the most important phenomena of culture are: First, a strengthening of the intellect, which tends to master our instinctive life; and second, an introversion of the aggressive impulse, with all its consequent benefits and perils. Now war runs most emphatically counter to the psychic disposition imposed on us by the growth of culture, we are therefore bound to resent war; to find it utterly intolerable. With pacifists, it is not merely an intellectual and emotional repulsion, but a constitutional intolerance. And it seems that the aesthetic ignominies of warfare play almost as large a part in this repugnance as war's atrocities.

How long have we to wait before the rest of men turn pacifist? Impossible to say, and yet perhaps our hope that these two factors—man's cultural disposition and a well-founded dread of the form that future wars will take—may serve to put an end to war in the near future, is not chimerical. But by what ways or byways this will come about, we cannot guess. Meanwhile we may rest on the assurance that whatever makes for cultural development is working also against war.

With kindest regards and should this exposition prove a disappointment to you, my sincere regrets,

Yours,

Sigmund Freud

The Passion of Norman F. Dacey

The Champion of America's Widows and Orphans Tells How He Has Been Crucified by a Clique of Thieving Lawyers and Corrupt Judges

BY NORMAN F. DACEY

If Al Capone were alive today, he wouldn't be bothered with the beer business. He'd be a lawyer specializing in "probate practice" or maybe even a probate judge.

Probate is the legal procedure which marks the settlement of your estate after your death. Originated generations ago as a device to protect heirs, it has since become their greatest enemy.

Almost universally corrupt, the probate system is operated by the legal profession in close cooperation with politicians. Across the length and breadth of America, estates large and small are being looted by lawyers who specialize in probate practice." The American Bar Association, pontificating about its "Canons of Ethics," looks the other way while its members extort untold millions from the widows and orphans of the country. These "specialists" generally pose as pillars of their communities. Quite commonly they are shysters of the worst type, who'd steal the pennies off a dead man's eyes—and frequently do.

The probate system siphoned off 4.4% of Franklin D. Roosevelt's $900,000 estate in the course of "protecting" it. Dixie Lee Crosby left $1,300,000, the probate system grabbed 8.6%. Gertrude Strong Achilles, whose family backed George Eastman, died in California, leaving $10,883,503, probate took 11%.

Robert Sterling Clark died in New York. The administration expense was $856,747, the executor was paid $2,965,683 and the attorney grabbed a million dollars. It cost $4,822,430 to "protect" Clark's heirs. Mind you, none of these figures includes taxes—they represent just the cost of the mechanical process of turning the money over to the heirs.

More recently, the estate of Arthur Vining Davis was put through the probate wringer in Florida. The First National Bank of Miami drew $2,512,500 as executor. Two coexecutors, W. E. Dunwody, Jr., a Miami attorney, and Daniel Davis, a nephew of the dead man, collected $942,187 and $628,125 respectively for doing whatever they did. In addition, Dunwody's law firm, Mershon, Sawyer, Johnson, Dunwody and Cole pulled out another $1,502,000. Still another law firm, Mabry, Tweed, Hadley and McCloy was paid $236,000. There was no provision in Mr. Davis' will saying, "I, the probate system, I bequeath six million dollars of my estate," but the probate system took it anyway.

It is common practice for lawyers drawing wills, to ensure fat future fees for themselves by writing themselves in as executors, coexecutors, or trustees of the clients' estates. Often, too, they insert clauses specifically directing that they be hired to attend to probating the wills. I don't know who drew the Davis will, but I'll lay you ten to one that it was the same gent who collected almost a million dollars as coexecutor and whose law firm collected another million and a half.

The New York *Times* once quoted a probate attorney as saying that there was no money in drawing wills. "The big money," he explained, "is in settling the estate after the death of the client."

Trust companies and trust officers work closely with probate attorneys. Many of them send members of the Bar periodic reminders that if the lawyer will persuade a client to name them as executor or trustee, they'll guarantee that he is hired to probate the estate.

Not long ago, in a probate court in Connecticut, where I live, a hearing took place on a request to sell a piece of property owned by an estate administered by a local bank. The hearing was called to order and it was announced that a bid of $85,000 had been received from two attorneys. Unexpectedly, a local automobile dealer arose and announced he'd pay $125,000 for the property. Startled looks were exchanged, the meeting was recessed and the parties gathered in the corridor. Five minutes later the automobile dealer departed with a check for $25,000, pausing only to stick his head into the judge's chamber and withdraw his bid. The hearing was reconvened and the bids were canvassed: the two lawyers were the only bidders and the property was sold to them for $85,000. True, the property cost the lawyers $110,000, but the heirs were robbed of $40,000. The probate judge knew it, the lawyers all knew it, and the trustee bank knew it. In that court, a large American flag stands behind the judge. The Jolly Roger would be more appropriate.

When Kathryn F. Osgood died in Washington, D.C., the Riggs National Bank stepped in as executor under the will, taking a $50,130 fee out of the $765,000 estate—nearly 20%. William E. Huntington collected $25,000 as coexecutor. Attorney Sidney Sachs, president of the District of Columbia Bar Association, chopped out another $40,270—16%. Another lawyer, Mary M. Connolly, was appointed by the court to "protect" the interests of the 12-year-old boy who was the sole beneficiary. She wrote a two-page letter to the court saying that she saw no reason why the will should not be probated since her client was going to get it all, anyway. The kindly judge allowed her a fee of $2,500 for writing the letter.

Altogether, $120,000—46%—was taken out of the Osgood estate before the sticky probate fingers were pried loose.

Just in case you're thinking that probate is something that happens only to millionaires, be advised that, proportionately, the burden of its expense falls heaviest upon estates of modest size. Before me as I write is a front-page clipping from a Missouri paper, the headline reads, "Fees Eat Up Nearly Half of an Estate of $19,425." Two lawyers took 40% of the estate. Another story from the Cincinnati *Post* has a seven-column headline: "Another Estate Case Uncovered. It All Goes to Fees." While that may seem to be the maximum which can be taken from an estate, I shall not be surprised to read some day that an attorney somewhere has submitted a bill for 110% of an estate he's been "protecting" via probate.

In Cleveland postal employee Charles Guettinger died leaving $4,500, and no debts. Eight years after his two sisters received $400 each. The probate racket took the rest.

In Connecticut, schoolteacher Ruth Crittenden died leaving a $38,000 estate. The local Bar association's fee schedule called for a legal fee of $1,347. With the probate judge's approval, the lawyer took $8,625. By the time probate was finished, nothing was left of Miss Crittenden's $38,000 estate except her home, appraised at $12,000—and that was sold to a local attorney for $6,000.

Hyde Stewart died in Cleveland leaving $22,864. The attorney should have received $875; he took $3,500 in three years and then told the court Stewart left no heirs. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* sent a reporter to the public library to check directories. He found five heirs in three days. For *not* finding the heirs the lawyer got four times the proper fee, and the probate judge approved it.

Probate doesn't *have* to cost a great deal. It depends on who you are. Gordon Stouffer died in Cleveland and the expense for probating his $1,937,477 estate was $97,323. At just about the same time Joseph C. Hostetler died in the same city leaving $780,394; probate cost $2,798. The explanation: Gordon Stouffer was an executive of a restaurant chain; Joseph Hostetler was a partner in a Cleveland law firm.

Generally speaking, probate judges are a sorry lot. In one Connecticut city

the probate judge owed a local man $
000 The man died leaving a will appr
ng his wife as executrix The judge
pretended to find a flaw in the wil and
rejected t Officia y, then the man died
intestate and it was up to the udge to
appoin an admin strator which he did.
appointing a friend. One of the first a
of he administrator was to wa ve the
judge's indebtedness to the estate. and
the judge approved it When the heirs re
ported the facts to the loca Bar associa
ion t refused o take any action

The appointment of "special guard
ians" for children who have inherited
money is one of the juiciest aspects of
the probate racket Two weeks after he
left office, ex-Mayor Robert Wagner of
New York was appointed as "sp a
guardian" of I ch dren. benefic a
ies of a trust fund in a New York bank
None of the ch dren ives in New Y rk
hree of them live in Oregon. 3000 miles
away In court, the ch dren s mothers
protested the appointment of this total
stranger as "guardian " but the court
brushed them aside There might be a
"conflict of interest" between the moth
ers and the r ch ldren. the court observed
A knowledgeable probate awyer in New
York called t "a nice going-away present
for the Mayor" and es mated that his
fees would approximate $50.000 for on
y token work, if any

Two years ago, one of the two pro
bate judges in Manhat an appointed the
30-year-old lawyer son of the other judge
as special guardian of 35 infants who
were the beneficiaries of a bank trus
fund. When the newspapers questioned
the appo ntment he explained that he
had made it as "a wedding present for
the young man." A "present" paid for
by widows and orphans who were the
beneficiaries of estates wh ch had come
into his court to be "protected."

When it comes to their *own* families
probate judges are considerably more pro
tective, often by means of the appraiser
racket. Probate Judge Chase Davies of
Cincinnat furnishes a good exa mple In a
recent period his brother-in-law got six
appraiserships on just one of them h s
fee was $36,000. A son-in-law of the
judge collected a fee of $6,584 another
son-in-law collected $ 760 The judge s
golf partner's name appeared frequen y
among the appraiser appoin ments. An-
ther friend co lected $36.000 on one
appraisal, while the wives of three pro
bate court emp oyees hit the jackpot
seve a times

The Cincinnati newspapers have late
y been looking into the goings-on n
Judge Davies court They found that a
certa n "Wil Jackson" had been named
by Judge Davies as an appraiser on an
estate Diligent search for Mr Jackso
proved fruitless. Finally they confirmed
that there actual y wasn't any "Wil Jack
son." He was fict tious--dreamed up by
an aide to Judge Davies, the aide m
properly collecting the appraiser s fee
To date "W Jackson" has been f und
to have been named as an appraiser on no
fewer than 65 estates in the Cinc nnat
probate court Var ous local lawyers who
handled the probat ng of those estates
no ar zed the signatures of he non
existent, ghost y "Will Jackson" whom
Judge Davies had appointed as appraiser

Embarrassed? Concerned about the
pub c d sclosure of their gross violation
of the Canons of Ethics? Not at all tha
sort of thing is just a part of the day s
work when you're a "special st n pro
bate practice." Not a sing e one of them
has been disc plined by the Bar After
all they *are* the Bar

I have here barely scratched he sur
face of the probate scanda If it has made
you ndignant, let me te you what hap
pened to *me* when *I* tried to do someth ng
about it

I have been engaged n professiona
estate-p ann ng for 37 years. have wri ten
more han 100 books and articles on the
subject, made some 500 rad o and TV
broadcasts, and lectured at many colleges
and universities among them the A
Force Academy and the law schools of
Bos on University Denver the Univer
sity of Connecticut and the Universi y
of the State of New Y rk

Many years ago I became aware of
the abuses of the probate system and of
the advantages of a lega device called
the *inter vivos*, or "liv ng" trust, as a
means of avoiding probate. About 17
years ago, I began quietly ti ing people
about it suggesting that hey consu t their
attorneys to ar ange it I was puzzled that
so many of them reported back to me that
their a torneys had been harshly discour
aging, frequently flatly refusing to draw
the ins rument

I began giving clients a draft instru
ment o take to their awyers. This also
fa led to produce a sing e *inter vivos*
trust A orneys condemned the draft in
strument, a though lega reference ser
vices that supply for mss o awyers reprin
ed my draft ins ruments w h high praise

Finally I began giving c ien s a print
ed form hat required only that the names
of he client wife and he trustee
bank be fi led in I provided t because
the Bar was defa ting in its job

When the local bar association object
ed to my supp ying such forms to clients
I sent al area a orneys a copy of the
trust instrument with background inform
ation ar d offered to give every client a
ist of lawyers w lling to supply it but
he Connecticut Bar Association threa
ened to prosecute lawyers thus listed
for violating the Can ons of Ethics

Obv ously the Bar would stop a
noth ng to keep the public from know
ing about the *inter vivos* trust W thout
a hearing, the Bar Association obtained
an injunction forbidding me to tel peo
ple how to avoid probate It was the "un
authorized practice of law" they charged

I fought it in the court that issued
he injunction in the Connecticut Su
preme Court then in the U ited St es
Supreme Court, where I argued that my
cons tutional right of free speech had
been denied

I lost No substan ial federal question
had been raised the highest court said
Vigorous in upholding freedom of speech
for civil rights advocates, it found no
right for me to speak here The Bar was
sacrosanct here was no right to speak
in protest aga nst its abuses

In its decision susta n ng the lower
court's in unction the Connecticut Su
preme Court took notice of the fact that
many of our c ients had instructed he
banks which were to serve as trustee o
their estates after the r death to utilize
the fac lities of our firm in making in
vestments or heir accounts The court
affected to see something sinister and
self-serving in he fact that we might re
ceive a fee for rendering such requested
services at some uncertain date in the
uture W th this as his sole excuse Chie
Justice John R King, who wrote he de
cision n which the other ass ices concur
red found for the reco d that I had
engaged n "sordid activ ties

The word "sordid" is derived from
the Lat n *sordes* meaning "f th." The
dictionary defin on of he word s "dir
ty filthy mora ly mean ignob le squalid
low base

The Bar committee that brough t the
act on aga nst me neve claimed that I
engaged in discred itable ac ivity t spec
ifically stated that no charges of criminal
wrongd ng were involved. From he
sealed recesses of his own mind however
Chief Justice King dredged up the dirty
appe lation "sordid," and gra tuitously
applied to me

The smear got a lot of publici y
Newspapers, wire services and radio and
television stations picked up the o fensive
reference and broadcasted it across he
land. I have been sent hundreds of c p
pings head ing t Every s a e Bar jour
nal every law school review has repeated
it endlessly The American Bar Asso a
tion even headlined s own comment ary
on the case with the libelous reference

Each of the justices of he Connecti
cut Supreme Court in his own years of
private practice of the law had prepared
countless wi ls for clients in which he
named himself as executor or trustee of
the client's estate thus assuring himself
a future fee Each had recommended to
countless other clients the appoin ment
of a specific bank or trust company as
executor or trustee under the client s wil
without disc osing the existence of an
iron-clad "gentleman's agreement" tha
the bank named would hire him to at
tend to the proba ing of the estate in
volved again with rich rewards to himse f
Apparent y app ying a different
standard of mora ity to themse ves. the
justices saw nothing "sordid" or self serv
ing in such ac ivities

Were they laymen I would immed
iately have clad upon them a libel suit
which would have staggered them But
it seems that you cannot sue a court or
its individual jus ices. Cloaked in judicial
immun ty they may v sit upon the de
fenseless layman such libelous indign ties
as they choose and he has no recourse
Tradit onally if a court issues a decision
which the layman feels is unfair he can
appeal it to a h gher court But the U.S.
Supreme Court had declined to review
the decision on the grounds hat I had
not raised a substan ial federal question

Forb dden by court injunction to *tell*

people about probate avoidance I decided to write about it The result was *How To Avoid Probate* of which some 75,000 copies have been sold

In a private report to its members, the American Bar Association has acknowledged that my criticism is valid, saying "The burden of his writings is devoted to detailed criticisms of some ant quated, unnecessary and perhaps questionable procedures which are a part of the probate systems presently in force in some states, and which contribute in a major way to the present expense, delay, publicity and lack of security in the probate of decedents' estates."

As to my solution, the report states "From the point of view of being critical of the basic purpose of Mr Dacey's work, to wit, to further the use of the *inter vivos* trust, perhaps the American Bar Association is committed to a quite identical program."

The report concludes "Mr Dacey and his book can be of substantial benefit to the Bar in helping to bring into focus for its own members the weaknesses that do in fact exist in many of the ancient probate procedures which have long since outlived their usefulness and which now need revision or refurbishing, if not elimination."

Recently, however the New York County Lawyers Association applied for an injunction against me, against the publishers (Crown), and against the Brentano and Doubleday book chains, seeking to halt the distribution of the book in New York state on the grounds that such publication and distribution constituted the unauthorized practice of law. Incredibly, they also sought to have me held in criminal contempt for having written the book

The New York County Lawyers Association reminded the court sanctimoniously that one of the Association's chief functions was "the maintenance for the benefit of the public, of high standards of professional services and conduct." Where have these hypocritical defenders of the public welfare been all these years while the probate system in their own backwick was achieving national notoriety as one of the most viciously corrupt in the country?

Senator Robert Kennedy recently called it "a political toll booth exacting tribute from widows and orphans." And here were the toll collectors themselves telling the people of New York that they could not have access to a book that tells how they can avoid paying ransom to get the estate out of probate. It's enough to make honest people sick all over the carpet.

It was hard to see how an action like this one could be taken seriously by any judge. But the New York County Lawyers Association contrived to have it heard before a member of the Association, Justice Charles Marks of the New York Supreme Court (confusingly, in New York the Supreme Court is the lowest court).

At what was supposed to be a preliminary hearing, Judge Marks was asked if he was a member of the New York County Lawyers' Association. He replied that he couldn't remember." After paying dues to the Association for 23 years, he couldn't remember whether or not he belonged to it. The gross conflict of interest reflected in his dual position as a member of the plaintiff association and as the judge hearing the case was brushed aside.

My counsel asked that the Lawyers Association action be dismissed out of hand. If it was not to be dismissed then the court was asked to set a date for a formal hearing, so the facts could be established. Since I was accused of criminal contempt a violation punishable by fine and imprisonment, I exercised my constitutional right and asked for a jury trial.

The New York Civil Liberties Union which entered the case on my behalf warned the court that the proposed injunction would be a gross violation of my constitutional rights and of the public's right to know. In its brief it said

We argue here not simply for Dacey's right to speak but for the public's right to read, so that the truth will be more likely to evolve. It is not the function of the State to suppress what it considers offensive or incorrect. In fact, it is a major function of the First Amendment to disable the State from undertaking such activity. Under our system the free interplay of ideas rather than the paternalistic hand of the State must be depended upon to ensure that the incorrect and offensive will not prevail.

"The major purpose of Dacey's book is the exposure and correction of an alleged evil which affects the public at large. Since it is a crucial function of the First Amendment to assure unfettered exchange of ideas for the bringing about of political and social change, it is clear that Dacey's book, which is as one of its major functions a critique of an existing institution, occupies a particularly privileged position in our society. There is no justification for the State to suppress it.

"Dacey's book has played a major role in crystallizing public opinion against the probate system and bringing pressure for reform. To hear on the system itself is a coincidence that only after publication of the book did the legislature of this State enact a reform bill calculated to remedy certain probate abuses. It is clear therefore that Dacey's book has been far more than a voice crying in the wilderness in the field of probate reform.

It is the public policy of the State to encourage free and open discussion of our institutions. The effect of suppressing the book would be to immunize professional activity from any criticism. If this book can be suppressed, any book which vigorously criticizes professional practices and points the way to reform or avoidance of those practices by a specific alternate mode of conduct may also be suppressed.

Judge Marks listened to the arguments with studied indifference, interrupting once to boast that he was the judge who had banned *Fanny Hill*, a New York Italy he announced that he would reserve judgment. This we took to mean that he would consider whether to throw the case out without further discussion or set a time for the jury trial which had been requested.

By statute he was required to make known his decision within 60 days. On the 80th day he announced that he was finding me guilty of criminal contempt and banning all further distribution of the book in New York state.

That was all. No jury, no hearing of evidence, no decent observance of constitutional rights. The probate racket had to be preserved in New York at all costs. The book had to be stopped.

By such tortured misuse of the legal processes which it controls the Bar makes a mockery of the free speech guarantees of the Constitution. Unable to defend its ugly probate system and unwilling to reform it, it has reduced to gagging critics and suppressing their writings.

The Lawyers' Association was reportedly torn by internal dissension over the book-burning image it was creating, and it certainly was stung by the New York *Times* comment that "many observers felt that the Bar itself was showing bad form." When I asked the Federal Court in New York for an injunction to stop the abridgement of my constitutional rights the Bar Association hurriedly offered me a compromise. They would see to it that Judge Marks stayed execution of his order pending my appeal to higher state courts, if I would drop my federal action, stay off radio and television, and keep the compromise a secret.

I refused.

Within 24 hours of my "no," the Association wrote Judge Marks ordering him and he signed it. The printing and distribution of the book was banned. I must pay a $250 fine for criminal contempt or serve 30 days in jail.

I immediately appealed to the New York Appellate Court which stayed the injunction and punishment pending a hearing. (The Federal Court action was still pending.) There the presiding justice, Harold A. Stevens, who had originally described the Supreme Court seat which went to Thurgood Marshall, tried vainly to direct the attention of his four colleagues on the bench to the facts. Outside of the New York political clubhouse of which they were a product, the four would have had difficulty maintaining justices of the peace stature. (One absented himself from the bench during most of the argument, his mind was made up apparently, and he did not wish to be confused by the facts.)

I lost. The four judges upheld Marks. Justice Stevens dissented vigorously, saying

Stripped of the arguments and the contentions of the parties the question may be briefly and baldly expressed. Does the writing, publication, advertising, sale and distribution of How To Avoid Probate constitute the unauthorized practice of law? It cannot be claimed that the publication of a legal text which purports to say what the law is amounts to legal practice. Dacey's book is sold to the public at large. There is no personal contact or relationship with a particular individual. Nor does there exist that relation of confidence and trust so necessary to the status of attorney and client. This is the essential of legal practice– the representation and the advising of a particular person in a particular situation.

At most the book assumes to offer general advice on common problems, and does not purport to give personal advice on a specific problem peculiar to a designated or readily identified person.

To Avoid Probate has been published and freely sold for more than one year. There is no showing in this record that the book has exploited the public or led its members astray improperly or incorrectly. Certainly no clear and present danger of public corruption or public misleading is likely to exist. In order to sustain the petitioners position one has to conclude that the book by its very nature comprises the unauthorized practice of law.

In all the cases where there was a holding of unlawful practice of law there was some employment, express or implied, relationship from contract, designation or the like. It would seem logical that further, by reason of the unauthorized practice of law he must improperly or illegally have created or assumed such a relationship. That is not the situation before us.

How To Avoid Probate is, in one sense, a do-it-yourself kit. To that extent it could encroach upon the preserves of lawyers, but every individual has the right to represent himself if he chooses to do so.

Dacey's criticism of what he considers the high cost of probate is a right of speech to which he is entitled. That it is not palatable to a segment of society which conceives it as an encroachment of their special rights hardly justifies banning the book. It is a prized American privilege to speak one's mind. Free and open discussion can lead to reform if needed, or improvement where desirable.

Unless we are to extend a rule of suppression beyond the obscene, the libelous, utterances of or leading to incitement, there is no warrant for the action here taken. The injunction order should be vacated on the law and the petition [of the New York County Lawyers' Association] dismissed.

I appealed to the New York Court of Appeals, the state's highest court, which stayed the ban and punishment. A hearing took place in Albany on December 6th. I am confident that I shall win.

Meanwhile, the "smear" continues. A "review" of my book, by a lawyer who downgraded it as "muckraking," appeared in *Consumer Reports*, which neither answered nor printed my letter pointing out the mistakes. *Coronet* reprinted the piece trumpeting on its cover "A Critical Look at the Best Seller *How To Avoid Probate*. Why the Courts Decided It Was Dangerous for You." Of course no court ever said it was dangerous. The finding was that the writing of it constituted the practice of law.

Time magazine parroted the Bar's criticism of my book, branding it as a money-making scheme then emasculated my letter of protest and printed it with slyly inserted words that demeaned me.

Boyd R. Anderson, Jr., lawyer and son of a probate judge, wrote a vicious piece for the *Florida Bar Journal*. He said I had been "convicted" of illegally practicing law in Connecticut, and he made up out of whole cloth a "quotation" from my book. On my demand, Anderson and the *Journal* retracted the falsehoods and apologized.

The Connecticut Bar Association published a brochure consisting of a heinous attack on me and a defense of the Connecticut probate system (once described in the *Journal* of the American Bar Association as "one of the most viciously corrupt systems ever distorted by the inventive minds of the greedy"). For the cover of their brochure the Connecticut lawyers photographed the cover of my book. I had designed that cover and paid two professional artists to execute it. It was copyrighted and in every sense my property. A printed warning in the book advised that no part of it could be reproduced without permission. In the face of this prohibition the arrogant Connecticut Bar Association brazenly reproduced it apparently under the impression that the law does not apply to Bar associations. I have sued them for one million dollars for libel and invasion of my property rights, asking that the action be heard before a jury. The squirming and twisting they're doing to try to get it heard before a judge who will quash it is a sight to behold.

Another typical detractor is Ely S. Rippner of Cleveland, who some years ago was fired from his job in the probate court there coincident with an investigation that resulted in the indictment of the probate judge for embezzlement. (The judge was found not guilty by a friendly colleague on the bench and was permitted to resign.) Rippner has been making a lush living since then in probate practice and is the coauthor with the present occupant of the probate bench Judge Frank Merrick of a probate manual, for lawyers, which has been described as a "fee maker." It counsels lawyers on how to extract the last nickel of fees from every estate they put through the probate wringer.

Rippner reviewed my book for the Cleveland *Press* calling it "dangerous." In Ohio, he charged, it takes only six months to probate an estate. My statement that it took two to five years was "preposterous." As for my claim that it was costing up to 30% to probate an estate, he said Rippner that was an "out-and-out double-talk."

Rippner's review aroused the ire of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* which assigned three reporters to examine the Cuyahoga County Probate Court on which the Rippner-Merrick team has a stranglehold. The reporters' series of articles was headlined "Estates of Dead Often Become Legal Prey." The documented report charged that "estates are kept open for years while lawyers bound up the [illegible] ranging up to 25% of the estate."

A cross section of the nearly 40,000 letters I have received reveals a growing [illegible] doubtful if there is any human endeavor from which lawyers do not benefit. But people are fed up with paying ransom to get what is rightfully theirs. They're sick of giving up to a lawyer where from a hundred to a hundred thousand awarded them for say the loss of an arm, a leg in an accident. It might be prudent for the Bar to glance back through history and note that in every revolution it was the lawyers who were the first ones led to the guillotine.

The Bar has vigorously prosecuted those disclosing publicity how probate fees may be avoided, on the grounds that this disclosure has constituted the "unauthorized practice of law." But the New York *Times* said: "The unauthorized practice committees tend to be overzealous in protecting the lawyers and they are usually more zealous than the committees which are supposed to discipline unethical lawyers, there is frequently heavy a bad taste in the public's mouth."

Many lawyers agree that probate is too expensive and often they give advice on how to avoid it that is embarrassingly similar to Mr. Dacey's.

It is not concern for the public's welfare that motivates the Bar but its simple greed. Recently, the Institute for Business Planning, a leading legal reference service that publishes books assorted tomes that are to be found in libraries (and which cost some years reprinted my trust instruments with praise) sent the I[illegible] a questionnaire. Entitled: Emergency Bulletin from the Institute of Business Planning, it referred to changes in the legal and estate-planning [illegible] rules. How to make the dangerous decision yourself cruise or avoiding pr[illegible]

Dear Sir:

We have just prepared a special report that will knock the doors off your [illegible] with its [illegible] estate-planning [illegible] chocked-[illegible]

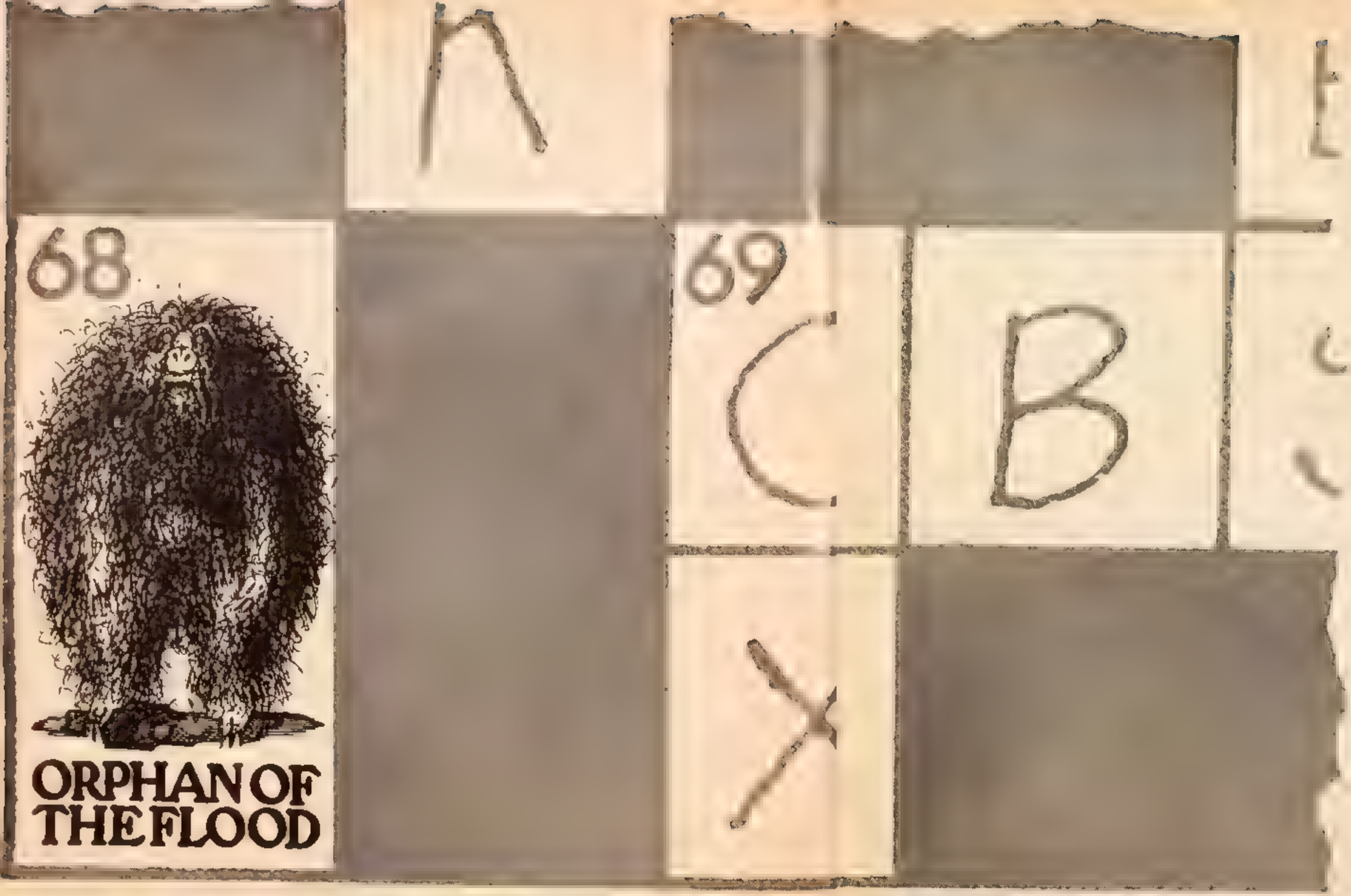
Enabling you to cope with today's serious threat from probate, so that you avoid probate notions out of books. This urgent report can form a high mark for [illegible] profession at about a wind-up of new wills and estate-planning instead.

Due to the popularity of these do-it-yourself methods lay men are denying you the fees you rightfully deserve. The situation calls for immediate action, so much so that we can say without exaggeration that failure to get hold of these reports now could cost you a fortune in fees."

That's what the shouting is all about when a "fortune in fees" that they "rightfully deserve" but that they are being "denied." A fortune in fees wrung from the widows and orphans of America.

If I lose in New York state I shall appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court. If that appeal fails, I shall probably go to jail. I shall never pay the fine imposed. A principle is involved here.

I intend to see to it that people get the information they need to end the Bar's vicious exploitation of widows and orphans, book-burning or no book-burning. I may lose the battle for the organized Bar is a powerful adversary. If I do the record will show that I did not surrender or compromise. I intend to go down with the guns firing.



BY MITCHELL WOJTYCK

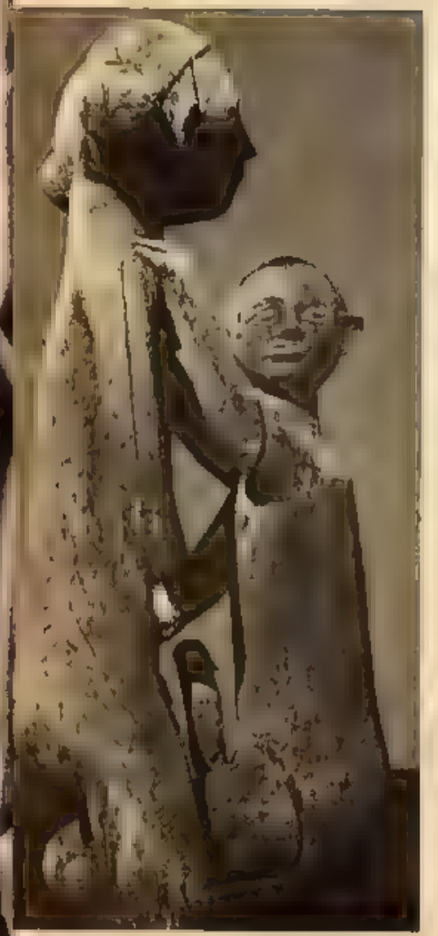
I seemed to me that everybody knew
the natural habitat of the three-toed sloth
was the daily crossword puzzle
You could find it there most any day
tucked in the corner taking up two spaces
at the all-time
for lazy-minded crossword puzzle maker
Or when you got sneaky-sophisticate
you discovered it on the Scrabble board
right near the end of the game
when you were stuck with two letters, "a" and
so you snapped your fingers like a pro
and put both letters down
and slipped out of the room in triumph
to the endless awe of your angered opponents

Well, it used to be like that
Of course, I had seen the ad in a movie once, stupid-looking
hanging upside down in some South American jungle
sort of plaited, and not the least bit mean
chomping on a loaf of two
lazy and ugly and just another of nature's bizarre jokes

Like I said, it used to be like that
until one day, bored and disgusted
with just about everything
the bomb, Vietnam, that whole business
came across the beast in it
Some jerks had caused a man-made f
in the jungles of Surinam, Dutch Guiana
and all the animals were drowning
deer and ocelots and anteaters and red howler monkeys
and a whole lot of other animals with crazy names
Orphans of the Flood, the next sa
And on page 28 in full color matted and nasty looking
from the water that had dried on its body
a lump of fur with two sad eyes
clinging desperately to its mother
my old Scrabble and crossword puzzle pal
the often-used-as-mere-a-word three-toed sloth
You see, this mother sloth saw the water rising
so she climbed up on a weathered stump
stuck her baby on top of her head
to keep it above water
then waited patiently while the water rose
cherishing that simple-looking kid of hers,
that ugly little child perched tail on her head
And, of course, she drowned
but kept her baby alive so it could be rescued

Now when I see a crossword puzzle
or get stuck at Scrabble
I no longer temper pus in my use
of the two-lettered, two-syllabled word
but sort of pause in respect
and think real hard about it
and conclude, with a great feeling of earth-lived pride
that the three-toed, two-lettered, two-syllabled sloth
is a very, very beautiful animal

COITUS NON INTERRUPTUS: THE EROTIC TOMB SCULPTURES OF MADAGASCAR

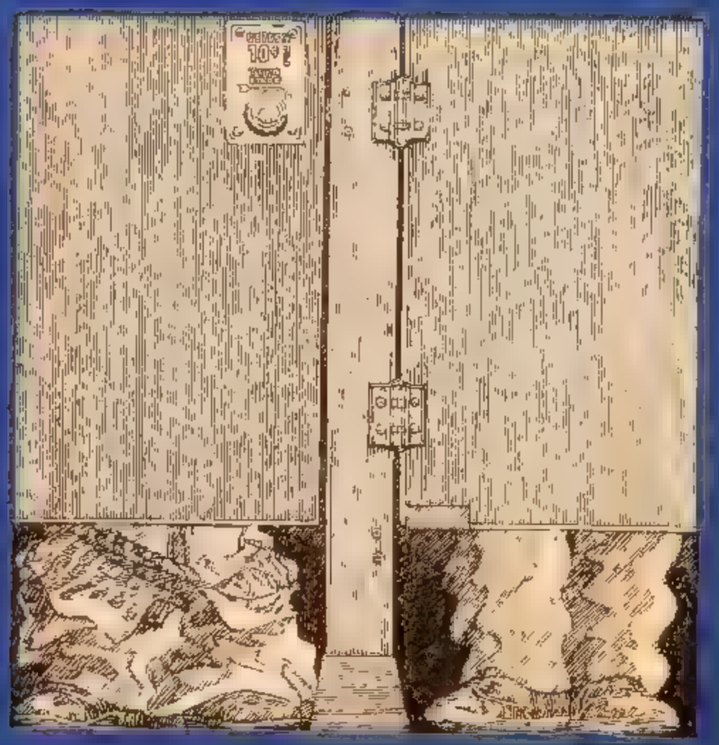


"MEN WOULD RATHER HAVE THEIR FILL OF SLEEP, LOVE, AND SINGING AND DANCING THAN OF WAR," SAID HOMER. THE EDITORS OF AVANT-GARDE AGREE, AND DO HEREBY ISSUE A CALL FOR ENTRIES FOR AN INTERNATIONAL POSTER COMPETITION BASED ON THE THEME:

NO MORE WAR!

Judges: Richard Avedon, Leonard Baskin, Alexander Calder, Milton Glaser, Art Kane, Jack Levine, Herb Lubalin, Dwight Macdonald, Robert Motherwell, Robert Osborn, Larry Rivers, Ben Shahn, Edward Sorel & Sloan Wilson.

AVANT GARDE



An anti-war poet describes a chance meeting with the President of the United States in a Kennedy Airport men's room

PEACE MOVEMENT

I hate crowds. I would avoid a crowd of angels, if possible. Recently, after bidding farewell, at Kennedy Airport, to a friend who had flown to Canada to avoid the Draft, I found myself in the midst of a crowd of antiwar demonstrators who had come to protest the arrival in New York of President Lyndon Baines Johnson.

The crowd surged, and suddenly I was forced backwards through a door and into a men's room.

I stood for a moment after the door had closed, deciding whether or not to try to see the President and opted against doing so. I sauntered over to the last pay privy, deposited a dime, sat down and began to read the graffiti. Some of it was about the President. I took out my Pentel and, in a burst of genius, created the slogan that will, no doubt, cop the button and bumpersticker market and contribute to the defeat of the present Administration in the upcoming election: "IMPEACH JOHNSON IN '68." The ink was hardly dry when the outside door burst open, followed by an authoritative rapping upon the door of the first pay privy and a no-bones-about-it inquiry, "Is anybody in there?" The rapping was repeated from privy to privy on down the line in my direction.

Two privies away the person knocking found his first occupant. "Who wants to know?" came an indignant voice. "Secret Service," said the knocker. "The President will be using this washroom." "Who're you trying to kid?" the indignant voice responded. I could hear the Secret Service man squat down and then say, "My identification, sir." [Stunned silence.] "Well, okay, how come I have to leave? Heh, h..." "Security, sir." [Grunt of resignation, rustle of paper and FLUSH.]

While this little drama was unfolding, I was working feverishly on what to say when the Secret Service man knocked on my door. Things like "How many asses does Lyndon have?" and "Why doesn't he sh..." flashed through my mind, but when the SS man finally reached my stall, I simply sat upon my constitutional rights and said nothing.

Man's dedication to his gig never ceases to amaze me. It takes a very special devotion to knock on a dozen toilet doors and ask the same question at each. Doubtless, the SS field manual covers situations where the President receives an urgent call of nature in public, and this man's tap, tap, tapping on my toilet door was simply doing his duty. Although I am by no means a superpatriot, I do love my country, and must confess that I felt a twinge of conscience by remaining mute. But an old gospel song came to me: *I will not be! I will not be moved. I'm like a tree that's planted by the water. I will NOT be moved!* and I remained silent.

The SS man rapped again, sharper, louder. Now why, I asked myself, did that idiot knock *twice* on my door? Suddenly the SS man kneeled down and was getting ready to look under the door to my privy to see if it was occupied. I lifted my feet and might have gone undetected, except that the sudden exertion brought forth an involuntary report which betrayed my presence.

"Come on, open up in there, Secret Service."

As I lowered my feet, it occurred to me that somewhere in our Constitution there must be an Amendment, perhaps in the Bill of Rights, that upholds a man's right to sit fast in a public toilet, Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces notwithstanding.

"If you don't mind, mister, I need to use this bathroom."

"The President wishes to use the washroom and security precautions prohibit the presence of uncleared personnel..." began the firm-but-patient voice, which went on to present a good case for allowing the Chief Executive a solitary BM. I honestly tried to see my country's point of view, but the words of that old gospel song kept returning and the thought that I could delay the President of the United States, if only for a few minutes, by the simple act of sitting on the toilet, intrigued me. Here, if ever, was an occasion for a sit-in. Perhaps an international issue could be made of it. "Mr. President, will you promise to stop bombing Vietnam and begin immediate peace negotiations if I pull out of here? I'll make the first move, Sir!"

"Come on, open up!" commanded the SS man.

"Can't you wait a minute?" I stalled.

"Let's hurry."

"Well, just don't rush me, that's all," I said, rising up.

The outside door opened momentarily, admitting the roar of the crowd, and when the door shut again I could hear other voices, other feet. One of the voices, the loudest, hawked

"What the hell's going on here? I've got to take me a crap!"

"There's an uncooperative individual in the last booth, Mr. President."

Whereupon I opened the door and stepped out, checking my fly.

"Let's go!" one of the SS men hissed, reaching for my arm. LBJ was standing only a few feet away, flanked by two bodyguards, each ready for a fast draw from the breast. The President looked much like his pictures, just as ugly but not as big. The SS men all seemed about my age, maybe a little better looking, if you go for the clean-cut American type.

"Take your hand off me," I said to the SS man, casting an indignant glance at LBJ. His well-known frown worked itself into a disarming, if not engaging, grin (it could have been meant as a smile, but since it is anatomically impossible for LBJ to smile, he grinned).

"Howdy," said the President, nodding to the SS man to release me.

"Hello, Sir," I responded, flushing slightly as the President approached and offered his hand. We watched each other's noses as we shook hands.

"What's your name, boy?"

I gave it to him, last name first, for some cockeyed reason, and to top off my fluster and embarrassment, I volunteered that I had voted for him in 1964. Every creep he meets must say that, I thought. He told me he was mighty pleased to hear it. A Secret Service man helped him off with his overcoat, while another nodded for me to become scarce. A third SS man nudged me in the spine. "You sure do have an efficient security force, Sir," I said, and then turning to the SS man nudging me in the spine, added, "I suppose you were also in the employ of the Kennedy Administration."

LBJ chuckled and began fumbling in his pocket for a dime. Quickly, I produced one and inserted it into the lock of the last booth. "Allow me, Sir," I said grandly.

"Why, thank you kindly," said the President, as I opened the door for him. Unlatching his belt, he asked me, "Did you get to finish your business in here?"

"As a matter of fact, Sir, I didn't. These gentlemen..."

"Well, you go right on and finish your business," the President replied with a grin that lifted his ears. "I don't want to constipate a voter."

Lyndon Johnson's laugh, given the acoustics of a spacious men's room, has to be heard to be appreciated. We all laughed, including the SS men, whose eyes I avoided as I turned to open the booth adjoining the President's. I had, however, run out of dimes and, turning to the SS man who had nudged me, asked "Do you have change for a..."

He gritted his teeth and pointed toward the exit.

"Give the boy a dime," grunted LBJ.

A warm dime was dropped into my palm. I deposited it in the little chrome lockbox, turned the handle, and entered without fanfare. I made the necessary adjustments of clothing and sat down. I could see the President's left foot with the trouser legs bunched up around it. Doubtless, he could see my right foot. For what it's worth, it has been my observation that some men keep the waist of their trousers drawn up to their knees when sitting on the toilet, while others allow the trousers to fall down to the ankles. For the benefit of historians, I should like to point out that the President is of the latter variety, I of the former.

I could hear the SS men creeping about, lighting matches and mumbling to one another. Now and then the shadow of one would appear under my door. Outside, the roar of the crowd rose and fell.

LBJ then asked where I was from. I told him Arkansas, and he laughed and told an offensive joke that Texans are wont to tell about Arkansans. I told an equally offensive joke about Texans. After we had laughed for the prescribed length of time, President Johnson asked, "What kind of work do you do, boy?"

"I'm unemployed at the present."

Lyndon grunted. "It's good for a fellow to have a job."

I told him I was a poet and aspired to gain my sustenance through that medium although the *zeit geist* of the U.S.A., being what it is, made my occupation remarkably unremunerative. The Chief Executive mused aloud for a few seconds, then confided that he was a poetry lover himself and an admirer of Edgar A. Guest. Had I ever read Edgar A. Guest? Oh, yes, when in high school I had occasion to peruse a volume of Edgar A. Guest after hearing someone remark that he would rather fail a Wassermann test than read a poem by Edgar A. Guest. LBJ asked me what a Wassermann test was.

"As I understand it, it's a test they use to determine venereal infection."

Like the clap?" the President responded, sharp as a tack.

"Yes, Sir."

"Clap is on the rise," LBJ responded reflectively. "It's a shameful thing. We just finished a study on it."

"Syphilis, too," I added. "I was reading..."

"Gonnarear, too. The country's morals are at a low ebb."

"Moral fibers are bending in the winds of doubt."

That was my line, and I was pleased with it.

"That's a good way of putting it," said Lyndon at length. "You poets sure have a way with words."

Sensing that this settee was due to end shortly, I resolved to steer the conversation onto a meaningful avenue. LBJ, however, was too quick for me. From out of nowhere he asked me what kind of work I *had* done, what my martial and Draft statuses were, and what I was doing at "Idlewild" Airport. In answer to the first question, I mentioned the most prestigious job I had ever held: religious education director, Mt. Moriah Baptist Church (1954). I evaded the second question, gave a straight answer to the third, and responded to the fourth with "Well, I came out to Kennedy to see a friend off..."

Old Lyndon didn't ask where my friend was going. If he had, we could have plunged smoothly into the pros and cons of the Draft, the war in Vietnam, loyalty to country, and other nitty-gritty subjects. One might ask why I didn't initiate such conversation if that's what I wanted. All I can say is, you would have to have been there to appreciate the situation. So I struck out on another tangent.

"You get an awful lot of graffiti these days."

"You can say that again," the Chief of State grunted. "The Nation's moral fibers are like broken wind."

Then strange sounds began to emerge from the President's privy. It sounded as though he were spitting and rubbing on the wall. Suddenly, I realized that he must be obliterating my line– JETTISON JOHNSON IN '68. Stealthily, I took out my Pentel and wrote the same message in my present stall.

"What brings you to New York, Mr. President?" I asked boldly. "If you're at liberty to discuss it."

I could hear him adding the finishing touches to his censorship. "I'm here to address a Democratic fund-raising dinner at the Waldorf hotel," he replied, slightly winded. "How come you're in New York, boy?"

"It's the farthest I could go without getting wet," I said, with an LBJ-type chuckle.

"Well, did you come to New York to write poems for a living?" the Commander-in-Chief asked. He was beginning to sound like my father. "I can't see a fellow coming to the city without a definite objective."

I knew the turn the conversation was about to take. LBJ would ask me where I had been published, putting me up-tight to think of a reliable Democratic magazine. He would want to know if I made a living at writing, and, if not, then how I *did* make a living. So I decided upon a counterattack.

"How's it going in Vietnam, Sir, if you don't mind discussing it?"

A pause followed, during which I'm not sure whether LBJ groaned or the SS men sucked their teeth. And then, as if on cue, the crowd outside became much noisier. A voice was shouting, "Hey, Hey, LBJ..."

"Do you think it's possible that we might be pulling out of there pretty soon, Mr. President?"

Lyndon cleared his throat loudly, and began: "I've made my position clear. I have offered the enemy my hand again and again..."

His voice blended perfectly into the noise of the crowd. I tapped the wall lightly. "Louder, Sir. I can't hear you."

"...seek no wider war."

Most of us have fantasies now and then of being alone with a world leader and by means of simple truths and irrefutable logic convincing him that such-and-such is the case and that by doing this-and-that and, more importantly by *not* doing this-and-that we can make this into a swinging world. We, here we were, LBJ and myself, the President and a poet, side by side with only a graffiti-covered wall between us, a dream come true. But time was running out. I had to get him to trust me. Who knows, I thought, perhaps just one slightly left-of-center citizen could get next to President LBJ and lead him to the threshold of reality. I tapped again on the wall. "Look, Lyndon, you can trust me."

"...just get behind our boys and..."

There was a similar message on the door in front of me, in red grease pencil, in a different context.

I spoke louder. "Mr. Johnson, friend, let's talk the situation over like two human beings."

From outside: "Hey, Hey, LBJ, how many..." which was lost, subsumed in the roar.

"Make them stop that racket!" the President yelled. "I can't take a crap with all that noise!"

The SS men rushed to execute the order, but when they opened the door the din was a veritable scrotum-shrinker. My anonymity became a precious thing, and I would not, at that moment, have changed places with the man on my right for anything less than a controlling interest in the Dow Chemical Company.

I rapped the wall smartly. "The thing is, Mr. President, a lot of us in this country feel..."

You don't even hear myself. Admittedly, I was speaking in a level, rational voice which, unfortunately, is seldom heard even under normal conditions. The SS men finally got the door closed again, and I heard myself saying, "...we should be acquainted with more of the facts in the case. Vietnam, that is..."

"I want that hall cleared before I come outta here!" the President screamed.

"We need more *dialogue* in this country, Sir!" I hollered.

"Did you *hear* me?" bellowed the President.

The SS men yelled assurances.

"I personally feel, Mr. President, that your position is untenable, not that..."

"Mr. President," came a breathless voice outside his door. "The New York City Police are clearing the hall. It seems that some agitators got in..."

"Well, I want that hall cleared the hell out!"

"It's your basic premise I'd like to discuss, Sir. Now take, for instance..."

Lyndon Baines banged on the partition between us and yelled, "Hey, boy, you got any toilet paper in there?" I snatched three sheets from the little chrome container and held them under the partition. He took them without amenities. A voice on a bullhorn could be heard outside ordering citizens to move to the main lobby.

"I don't subscribe to all the methods employed by various contingents of the Peace Movement. For instance, I disavow slogans. Slogans..."

"Hand me some more toilet paper," demanded the President, slapping the partition.

"But I guess some of us are getting a little hysterical. When American business interests and racist attitudes are equated with the pursuit of Democracy, why..."

"More paper!"

"...when and when rational citizens are unable to communicate with their elected officials..."

"Is that there hall clear yet?"

That's it, I said to myself. The President is damned near deaf. If that hall is clear a bomb whispers.

"Mr. Johnson! Can you hear me?" I screamed.

No se.

"I'm through!" LBJ yelled. "I'm through, boys! I want that hall cleared of everybody but photographers!"

I drummed once on the partition. "Mr. President, are you listening? Please listen! Do you really believe..."

"Could I have just one more sheet of toilet paper?" Lyndon Baines Johnson pleaded in a loud, clear, evangelical voice.

"Sir, for Christ's sake, I'm trying to talk to you!" I hollered, handing him one wadded sheet under the partition. "There's a breakdown in communication in this country; there's a *credibility* gap, whether you like it or not, and those of us who have a sense of history and see what's happening are trying to save this wonderful country of ours, but we can't save it if you and the rest of the country don't *LISTEN!*"

FFFFFLLLLLLLLLLLLUUUUSSSSSSSSH...

GRAPH BY RICHARD AVEDON

Picasso: Portrait of the artist as an eternally young man

BY BRIAN FITZHERBERT

Picasso parades many of the vices and virtues of the ancient gods he delights in portraying. Like Zeus, he is an omnipotent creator and a law unto himself. Like Apollo, he is a recognized authority and practitioner in matters of love and beauty. Like Pluto, he is sometimes hardhearted and dismal of countenance. And like King Midas, everything he touches turns into gold.

Picasso and his art regularly make headlines--as with his monuments recently erected in New York and Chicago and his colossal retrospective sculpture exhibition at New York's Museum of Modern Art--but few outsiders have spoken with him during the last few years. His fame is probably more widespread than any other man's in this century and he is certainly the richest artist who has ever lived.

Picasso is now beyond the reach of ordinary criticism. Countless books praise and worship the man, his work, and his wisdom. Whatever he says is spotted down, then hallowed and published by his far-flung court of admirers. Now at the center of a world-wide cult, he has been mummified alive. Interest in Picasso has been steadily growing since the turn of the century and there is still no sign of it ending. But surrounded as he is by an inquisitive world, sycophants, and a few remaining friends he has become suspicious of, and even indifferent to, what is said and written about him.

Just as Picasso is above questions of conventional morality, he is above worries of money. In fact he has no real need of money. Whatever he wants he can draw. Twenty years ago Picasso wanted a large house in the south of France. He was able to pay for it with one still-life. Similarly if he wanted a Rolls Royce, he could pay for it with a drawing only, a painting would be sufficient to pay for a retirement.

Picasso's "Picassos" and his own collection of works by Van Gogh, Degas, and Renoir: the list of modern works is endless, must be worth upwards of $100 million at current prices. With paint he has become what Getty and Onassis became with oil and ships. But ordinary multimillionaires are never held to be divine.

Part of the Picasso mystery, or myth, has to do with his extraordinary virility. Now 86, he still seems to have a remarkable attraction for women. Throughout his life he has bowled over a steady succession of women. Fernande Olivier, Olga Kochlova, Dora Maar, Marie-Therese Walter, Francoise Gilot, and Jacqueline Roque being perhaps the best known. Each of them has been immortalized in paint and sent round the world in millions of reproductions.

It is no accident that magazine editors like showing Picasso, even in his eighties, with a chest full of bushy hair. Picasso gives everyone hope. If he can keep impotence at bay in old age, perhaps we shall be able to, as well. If Picasso can attract young women, so can we when we reach his years. Women invariably think of Picasso as an attractive, powerful man, and never as a grandfather or an old-age pensioner.

Picasso's love affair with Francoise Gilot gives some idea of the power of his attraction. She was 23, he was 64, when he first made advances in his studio. "He turned abruptly," she says, "and kissed me, full on the mouth. I left him. He looked at me in surprise. 'You don't mind?' he asked. I said, 'No, should I?' 'That's disgusting,' he said. 'At least you could have pushed me away. Otherwise I might get the idea I could do anything I wanted to.' I smiled and told him to go ahead."

Picasso rarely meets any opposition to what he wants, does, or says. People who know Picasso are terrified of losing his favor. When Francoise Gilot eventually left him for the painter Luc Simon, she was worried in case art dealers and collectors refused to have anything to do with her own paintings. She was quite right.

Picasso's fame is an apology for anything he cares to do. Whatever Picasso says or does is rarely *shocking*, merely because he is Picasso. Even though he claims to be a communist, he has always had a weakness for the charms of nobility and royalty. He has a particular weakness for the charms of Princess Margaret, whose wedding he saw on television. Next morning he told his son Paulo: "If I had that dream in the reign of Elizabeth I, I would certainly have been beheaded. I couldn't really be put in the Tower of London for a dream like that."

People are summoned by Picasso, they do not call on him. Ernest Hemingway, Henry Miller, and Jean Cocteau all expressed a wish to meet Picasso and had to endure periods of waiting before an audience was eventually granted.

Picasso has always kept his dealers and collectors waiting. Towards the end of the Second World War Picasso had two dealers, Kahnweiler and Louis Carre. Knowing that they were fierce rivals to buy his work he would keep them waiting together for more than an hour in one of the anterooms.

Waiting to see Picasso is a curious experience. It is like waiting for Godot. One might be called and one might just wait for hours before being finally turned away.

Mas Notre Dame de Vie is a half-farm house at the top of a hill just outside Cannes. Unknown to many people, even neighbors who imagine he lives at Valauris a few miles away, Picasso hides from courtiers and crowds alike. Pilgrims to the south of France sometimes discover he is there and hope to meet him, only to be sent away at the gate. Naive millionaires occasionally plead into a microphone at the entrance that they be allowed to buy a painting costing upwards of $150,000. They are told to go to Paris.

Close friends who have known him in the past wait for him in a favorite haunt in Cannes or on the off-chance that they will see him pass in his enormous Hispano-Suiza car. Weeks can pass by, hotel bills pile up, tempers get frayed, and still an old friend is not called to speak with the Master.

So seeing and speaking with Picasso is a matter of extraordinary good fortune. I saw him only twice during my lengthy stay at Notre Dame de Vie, and my conversations were always a matter of chance. Picasso no longer gives interviews.

"People are coming to see me all the time, he says. "They usually want something and so I don't want to see them. My friends are few now, many of them have died. Visitors are often like bullfighters, they prod the old bull and imagine he'll do something. I'm always being prodded to do something or say something. Nobody leaves me alone. It's been going on for years. That's why I left Paris years ago. Tourists were pestering me at my studio, my home, everywhere I went. I was one of the sights of Paris."

Prize Bull of Notre Dame

"I think I know what it is like to be God. I live at Notre Dame de Vie like a prisoner in my own home. Believe me, I wouldn't wish my fame on anybody, not even on someone I loathe. I suffer from this imprisonment, both mentally and physically," he declares.

"I am locked behind these great iron gates and wire netting, the trees and the outside gates surrounded by servants whose job it is to keep everyone away from me. Every door is double-locked here, just in case we have some unwanted, silent visitors. People follow me with cameras and binoculars.

"I'm under siege all the year round. I'm probably being watched right now. I have to keep the shutters and curtains closed at time. I've often had to move in the past because of people spying on me. People always want to peep. I feel like a prize bull at times.

"When you have enough money to buy almost anything, eat anything, smoke anything, what good does it do you when you're locked away? If I want to eat in a restaurant in Cannes a photographer is almost certain to put a camera next to my nose."

Picasso says that he is happier sculpting than painting. "In painting there is tension, but in sculpture there is combat with the raw materials. When I triumph over the materials, I feel like an athlete who has bettered his opponents." And ceramics? "They are simply an ancient Catalan amusement. Sculpture is infinitely more gratifying to me, an expression of greater permanence."

Picasso is amused by Chicago's befuddlement over the sculpture he recently gave it. "Can't they see it's a woman's head?" asks Jacqueline, as she serves a drink of Pernod to the Master and myself. "How I would have enjoyed being there for the unveiling," says Picasso. "I could have put anything under that cover. Imagine how funny it would have been if, instead of a classical cubist sculpture, the public had found something a bit naughty!" With that, Picasso lifts a ceramic from the table beside him depicting Pegasus with a huge erection.

Picasso's head is tanned and shining. He is dapperly dressed, moves quickly and easily, drawing constantly on his Gauloises cigarette.

Picasso's eyes are coal-black and fierce. They dominate his whole body. Fixed and menacing, they appear to tear at one's face as though he wants to discover one's innermost thoughts. There is no escape from the eyes of Pablo Picasso.

To see him face to face is to understand something of the hypnotic effect he can have on others. Fernande Olivier's description of him is as true today as it must have been more than half a century ago. "Socially it was difficult to place him but this radiance, this internal fire that one felt in him, generated a kind of magnetism, which I could not resist. He was small, black, thickset, restless, disquieting, with eyes dark, profound, piercing, strange, almost staring."

Whether it is love, art, money, people, or situations, Picasso soon dominates them. Although he did experience poverty in Spain and later in Paris, Picasso soon became popular with both dealers and collectors alike. Before he was 25-years old he had been rechristened "Little Goya" by his friends and by 1909 he had a uniformed maid.

Picasso's whole life seems to have been charmed. Even the time of day he was born now has its special significance. Picasso was born in Malaga on October 25, 1881. He likes telling people that he was born at midnight, and on that day, so the tale runs, both the moon and the sun approached the nadir, and the light which shone on Malaga from the midnight sky came from a strange combination of planets and major stars, whose conjunctions and oppositions have provided astrologers with great room for speculation. Not surprisingly Picasso has long believed that there is a direct relationship between these occult experiences and his own personality and life.

Picasso was, as one might expect, a child prodigy -and he has remained astonishingly prodigious ever since.

A Passion for Tigers

"My father was a painter, but he gave it up because he said I outpainted him well before I was 20-years old. He just hung up his brushes and vowed he would never paint again. Because I went through all the academic tests there were at that time. I just had to travel abroad.

"I first went to Paris in 1900, a few days before my 19th birthday. London was my eventual goal, Paris just a temporary stopping place. At the time I was fascinated with English furniture, clothes, the Pre-Raphaelites, and English women.

"English women seemed to be the highest kind of womanhood. Their beauty, strength of character, and courage had become almost obsessive with me. When I was staying in Corunna, I came across the grave of Sir John Moore and heard that he died with the name of his sweetheart, Lady Hester Stanhope, on his lips. Women like that must be marvelous, don't you think? To capture a man's heart right up to his last moments on earth. At that time I wondered whether there were other English women from the same mold, but somehow Paris kept me too long for me to find out."

Pablo Picasso only has to touch an object, literally any object from a pebble, a napkin, or a newspaper to a stuffed goat -to make it desirable and valuable. His art now has the religious or magic powers of saint's relics in the Middle Ages. Picasso objects have become things to venerate, but at the same time are as readily convertible as the Yankee dollar.

In 1945 Picasso was sent twelve 1000-franc banknotes which had not been over-stamped for the revaluation of the currency. "They were no longer legal tender," says Picasso, "and an American girl called Katherine Dudley stood to lose the money. She must have thought I was an annex of the Bank of France! Anyhow, I had a small woodcut imprinted on the banknotes, which made them more valuable than the old or the new notes! I still have them somewhere... I must remember to send them back to that girl."

Picasso has always hoarded paintings, sculpture, and objects. At Notre Dame de Vie he keeps his belongings in suitcases and large wooden boxes and claims he can find anything he wants in minutes.

He always keeps a large sum of money in an old leather bag and sometimes he will ask a visitor to count it with him. He enjoys checking his other belongings and is very conscious that visitors might think of taking away souvenirs. Picasso hates throwing things away and even his old Gauloises cigarette boxes are piled several feet high on top of one another.

Picasso is superstitious and this is one reason he dislikes throwing things away. He believes, or half-believes, that his hair or fingernail trimmings should never fall into the possession of someone else.

Picasso may live in a besieged castle, surrounded by a shallow moat and high walls, but he still enjoys most modern comforts. There are several bathrooms, a white telephone in every room, and a large studio he has had specially built on to the house. In his studio, paintings are piled on top of one another to form an ornamental pattern. To be there is one of the nearest experiences to being in Fort Knox.

Picasso also has his animals: his Afghan hound, his lovebirds, his pigeons, his cats, and his white mice. At different stages of his life he has had a monkey, a donkey, a goat, and a turtle. "Tigers are a special passion of mine," says Picasso, "but up to now I haven't had one here."

Although most people prefer Picasso the man to Picasso the artist, some will still ask "What's your art really all about? Are you just putting us on?"

"Everyone wants to understand art," says Picasso. "Why not try to understand the song of a bird? Why does one love the night, flowers, everything around one, without trying to understand them?"

"But in the case of painting, people have to *understand*. If only they could realize above all that an artist works of necessity, that he himself is only a trifling bit of the world, and that no more importance should be attached to him than to plenty of other things which please us in the world, though we can't explain them either."

THE VISITOR
ROALD DAHL

Not long ago, a large wooden case was deposited at the door of my house by the railway delivery service. It was an unusually strong and well-constructed object and made of some kind of dark-red hardwood, not unlike mahogany. I lifted it with great difficulty on to a table in the garden, and examined it carefully. The stencilling on one side said that it had been shipped from Haifa by the m/v Waverley Star, but I could find no sender's name or address. I tried to think of somebody living in Haifa or thereabouts who might be wanting to send me a magnificent present. I could think of no one. I walked slowly to the toolshed, still pondering the matter deeply, and returned with a hammer and screwdriver. Then I began gently to prise open the top of the case.

Behold, it was filled with books! Extraordinary books! One by one, I lifted them all out (not yet looking inside any of them) and stacked them in three tall piles on the table. There were twenty-eight volumes altogether, and very beautiful they were indeed. Each of them was identically and superbly bound in rich green morocco, with the initials O H C and a Roman numeral (I to XXVIII) tooled in gold upon the spine.

I took up the nearest volume, number XVI, and opened it. The unlined white pages were filled with a neat small handwriting in black ink. On the title page was written "1934." Nothing else. I took up another volume, number XX. It contained more manuscript in the same handwriting, but on the title page it said "1939." I put it down and pulled out Volume I, hoping to find a preface of some kind there, or perhaps the author's name. Instead, I found an envelope inside the cover. The envelope was addressed to me. I took out the letter it contained and glanced quickly at the signature. *Oswald Hendryks Cornelius*, it said.

It was Uncle Oswald.

No member of the family had heard from Uncle Oswald for over thirty years. This letter was dated March 10, 1964, and until its arrival, we could only assume that he still existed. Nothing was really known about him except that he lived in France, that he travelled a great deal, that he was a wealthy bachelor with unsavory but glamorous habits who steadfastly refused to have anything to do with his own relatives. The rest was all rumor and hearsay, but the rumors were so splendid and the hearsay so exotic that Oswald had long since become a shining hero and a legend to us all.

"My dear boy," the letter began, "I believe that you and your three sisters are my closest surviving blood relations. You are therefore my rightful heirs, and because I have made no will, all that I leave behind me when I die will be yours. Alas, I have nothing to leave. I used to have quite a lot, and the fact that I have recently disposed of it all in my own way is none of your business. As consolation, though, I am sending you my private diaries. These, I think, ought to remain in the family. They cover all the best years of my life, and it will do you no harm to read them. But if you show them around or lend them out to strangers, you do so at your own great peril. If you publish them, then that, I should imagine, would be the end of both you and your publisher simultaneously. For you must understand that thousands of the heroines whom I mention in the diaries are still only half dead, and if you were foolish enough to splash their dirty-white reputations with scarlet print, they would have your head on a salver in two seconds flat, and probably roast it in the oven for good measure. So you'd better be careful. I only met you once. That was years ago, in 1931, when your family was living in that large ugly house in South Wales. I was your big uncle and you were a very small boy, about five years old. I don't suppose you remember the young Norwegian nursemaid you had then. A remarkably clean, well-built girl she was, and exquisitely shaped even in her uniform with its ridiculous starchy white shield concealing her lovely bosom. The afternoon I was there she was taking you for a walk in the woods to pick bluebells, and I asked if I might come along. And when we got well into the middle of the woods, I told you I'd give you a bar of chocolate if you could find your own way home. And you did (see Vol. III). You were a sensible child. Farewell. Oswald Hendryks Cornelius."

The sudden arrival of the diaries caused much excitement in the family, and there was a rush to read them. We were not disappointed. It was astounding stuff—hilarious, witty, exciting, and often quite touching as well. The man's vitality was unbelievable. He was always on the move, from city to city, from country to country, from woman to woman, and in between the women, he would be searching for spiders in Kashmir or tracking down a blue porcelain vase in Nanking. But the women always came first. Wherever he went he left an endless trail of females in his wake, females ruffled and ravished beyond words, but purring like cats.

Twenty-eight volumes with exactly three hundred pages to each volume take a deal of reading, and there are precious few writers who could hold an audience over a distance like that. But Oswald did it. The narrative never seemed to lose its flavor, the pace seldom slackened, and almost without exception, every single entry, whether it were long or short and whatever the subject, became a marvellous little individual story that was complete in itself. And at the end of it all, when the last page of the last volume had been read, one was left with the rather breathless feeling that this might just possibly be a major autobiographical work of our time.

If it were regarded solely as a chronicle of a man's amorous adventures, then without a doubt there was nothing to touch it. Casanova's *Memoirs* read like a parish magazine in comparison, and the famous lover himself beside Oswald appears positively undersexed.

There was social dynamite on every page. Oswald was right about that. But he was surely wrong in thinking that the explosions would all come from the women. What about their husbands, the humiliated cock-sparrows, the cuckolds? The cuckold, when aroused, is a very fierce bird indeed, and there would be thousands upon thousands of them rising up out of the bushes if *The Cornelius Diaries*, unabridged, saw the light of day while they were still alive. Publication, therefore, was right out of the question.

A pity, this. Such a pity, in fact, that I thought something ought to be done about it. So I sat down and reread the diaries from beginning to end in the hope that I might discover at least one complete passage which could be printed and published without involving both the publisher and myself in serious litigation. To my joy I found no less than six. I showed them to a lawyer. He said he thought they *might* be "safe," but he wouldn't guarantee it. One of them, "The Sinai Desert Episode," seemed "safer than the other five," he added.

So I have decided to start with that one and to offer it for publication right away, at the end of this short preface. If it is accepted and all goes well, then perhaps I shall release one or two more.

The Sinai entry is from the last vol-

ume of all Vo XXV II, and is dated August 24 ,946. In point of fact, t is the *very last entry* of the last vo.ume of all the last thing Oswald ever wrote, and we have no record of where he went or wha he d after that date One can only guess. You sha l have the entry verba.m in a momen but first of al and so that you may more easily understand some of the things Oswald says and does in his story let me try to tell you a tt e about the man himself Out of the mass of con ession and opinion conta ned in those twenty-eight volumes there emerges a fa.rly clear picture of his character

At the time of the S nai ep sode Oswald Hendryks Cornelius was fifty-one and he had, of course never been mar ried "I am afraid he was n the hab t of say ng, 'that I have been b.essed or should I call t burdened, w th an uncommonly fast dious nature

In some ways, his was true, but in others and especially in so far as marriage was concerned he s a tement was the exac opposite of the truth. The real reason why Oswald had refused to get mar.ed was simply tha he had never in his fe been able to conf ne his affect ons to one partic.ar woman for longer than the time it took to conquer her When that was done he lost interest and looked around for another vict m

A normal man would hardly consider this a valid reason for remaining single but Oswald was not a normal man He was not even a norma y po ygamous man He was to be honest, such a wan on and incorrigible philanderer that no bride on earth would have put up with him for more than a few days, et alone for the dural on of a honeymoon a though heav en knows there were enough who would have been willing to give it a try

He was a tal, narrow person with a fragile and faintly aesthetic air H s voice was soft, h s manner was courteous and at first sight he seemed more like a gen.leman-in-waiting to a queen than a celebrated rapsca.on. He never discussed his amorous affairs with other men and a stranger though he sit and talk w th him al evening would be unable to ob serve the s.gh est sign of deceit in Oswald's clear blue eyes. He was, in fact precisely the sort of man that an anxious father would be .kely to choose to escort his daughter safe y home

But sit Oswa d beside a *woman* a woman who m.erested h m and instantaneously his eyes would change and as he looked at her a small dangerous spark wou.d began dancing slowly n the very center of each pupil and then he wou d set about her w th his conversation talk ing to her rap dly and cleverly and almost certainly more w.tt.ly than any one else had ever done before This was a gift he had a most singular talent, and when he put his m nd to it he could make his words cod themselves around and around the.r listener until they held her n some sort of a m d hypnotic spel

But it wasn't only his fine talk and he look in his eyes that fasc nated the women. It was also h s nose (in Vo. XIV Oswa d nclides, w h obvious rel.sh a note written to him by a certain lady in which she descr bes such things as this in great detail.) It appears that when Oswald was aroused, someth ng odd would begin to happen around the edges of his nostr.s a tightening of the.rims, a visible flaring which enlarged the nostril holes and revealed whole areas of the br.ght red sk n ins de. Th s created a queer, wild animalistic impression and a though it may not sound particu arly a tractive when described on paper its effect up on the ladies was electric

Almost w thout excep.on women were drawn toward Oswald In the first place, he was a man who refused to be owned at any price, and this automatically made h m desirable Add to this the unusual combination of a firs -rate m tellect, an abundance of charm, and a reputation for excessive promiscu ty and you have a potent recipe

Then again and forgetting for a moment the disreputable and licentious ang.e it should be noted that there were a n.mber of other surprising facets to Oswald s character wh ch n themselves made h m a rather intriguing person There was, for example, very l.t e that he did no. know about nineteenth-century Ital an opera, and he had wr.tten a curious l.tle manual upon the three composers, Donizetti, Verd and Pon chie.i. In it he listed by name all the important mus.esses that these men had had during their lives and he went on to exam ne in a most serious ve n, the re a.onsh p between crea ve passion and carnal passion, and the influence of the one upon the other partic.a y as it affected the works of these composers

Chinese porcela.n was another of Oswald's interests, and he was acknowledged as something of an international authority in this field. The b.e vases of the *Tchin-Hoa* period were his special love and he had a sma but exquisite collec.on of these pieces

He also collected spiders and wa.king sticks

His collection of spiders, or more ac curately his collection of *Arachnida* because it included scorpions and ped.palps was possibly as comprehensive as any outside a museum, and his knowledge of the hundreds of genera and species was impressive He maintained, (accidental y and probably correctly), that spider s silk was superior in qual ty to the ordin ary stuff spun by silk worms, and he never wore a tie that was made of any other material. He possessed about forty of these ties altogether, and in order to acq.re them in the first place, and in or der also to be able to add two new ties a year to his wardrobe, he had to keep thousands and thousands of *Aranea* and *Epeira diademata* (the common English garden spiders) in an old conservatory in the garden of h s country house ou side Paris, where they bred and mu.tiplied at approximate y the same rate as they ate one another From them, he co.lected the raw thread h m.self no one else would enter that ghastly glasshouse and sent it to Avignon where it was reeled and thrown and scoured and dyed and made into cloth. From Avignon, the cloth was de.vered direc.y to Sulka, who were enchanted by the whole business, and only too glad to fashion ties out of such a rare and wonderfu materia

"But you can't *really* .ike spiders?" the women visitors would say to Oswald as he displayed his collection

"Oh, but I adore them," he would answer "Especially the females. They re.nd me so much of certain human females that I know. They remind me of my very favorite human females."

What nonsense, darling."

Nonsense? I think not "

I s rather insulting."

Oh the contrary my dear it is the greatest comp.ment I could pay Did y u not know f or ins.ance, that the female spider is so savage in her love-making that the male is very lucky indeed f he escapes with his .fe at the end of it al. Only if he is exceedingly agile and marvelously ingen ous w.l he get away in one piece "

Now *Oswald*

And the crab spider my beloved, the teeny-weeny l.tle crab spider is so dangerously passionate that her lover has to tie her down with intricate loops and knots of his own th.ead before he dares to embrace her "

"Oh *stop* t Oswald, this *minute*" the women would cry, their eyes shining.

Oswa d s collection of walking sticks was something else again Every one of them had belonged either to a d.st nguished or a disgusting person, and he kept them all in h s Paris apartment where they were displayed in two long racks standing against the walls of the passage (for should one call it the highway?) which led from the living-room to the bedroom Each stick had its own l.tle ivory label above it, saying S be.us, Milton King Farouk, Dickens Robespierre Puccini, Oscar Wilde Frankl n Rooseve t, Goebbels, Queen Victoria Toulouse-Lautrec, Hindenburg, Tolstoy, Laval Sarah Bernhardt Goethe, Voroshi ov, Cézanne, Tojo

There must have been over a hundred of them some very beautiful some very plain, some with gold or silver tops, and some with curly handles.

"Take down the Tolstoy," Oswa d would say to a pre.y visitor "Go on, take it down that s right , and now now rub your own palm gently over the knob that has been worn to a shine by the great man himse f Is it not rather wonderful, the mere contact of your skin with that spot?"

"It is, rather,

"And now take the Goebbels and do the same thing. Do it properly though Allow your palm to fold.ghtly over the hand e good and now now lean your weight on it lean hard exact y as the .ttle deformed doctor used to do there that's it now stay like tha for a minute or so and then tel me if you do no. feel a thin finger of ice creeping al the way up your arm and in to your ches?"

"I s terrifying

Of course it is. Some people pass out comple e y They kee .ight over

Nobody ever found it dull to be in Oswald s company, and perhaps that more than any th.ng else was the reason for his success

We come now to the Sinai episode Oswald dur ng that month had been amusing himse f by motoring a fairly leisurely pace down from Khartoum to Cairo. His car was a superlative pre-war Lagonda which had been carefu ly stored in Switzerland during the war years and as you can imag ne it was fitted with every kind of gadget under the sun. On the day before Sinai (August 23, 1946 he was in Cairo, staying at Shepheard's Hotel, and that evening after a series of impudent maneuvers, he had succeeded in getting hold of a Moorish lady of supposedly ar.stocratic descen ca.led Isabella. Isabella happened to be the jea.ously guarded mistress of none other than a certain notorious and dyspeptic Royal Personage (there was st.l a monarchy in Egypt then). This was a typ.ca y Oswa dian move.

But there was more to come At m dnight, he drove the lady out to Giza and persuaded her to climb wi h him on the moonlight r.ght to the very top of the great pyram.d of Cheops.

"There can be no safer place," he wrote in the diary, "nor a more romantic one, than the apex of a pyramid on a warm night when the moon is ful The passions are stirred not on y by the magnificent view but also by that curious sensation of power that surges within he body whenever one surveys the world from a great height And as for safety this pyramid is 451 feet high, which s nearly 110 feet h.gher than the dome of St Paul's Cathedral and from the summit one can observe all the approaches with the greatest of ease No other boudoir on earth can offer this fac.ity None has so many emergency exits, either so that f some sinister figure shou d happen to come clambering up in pursu t on one side of the pyram.d, one has only to slip calmly and quietly down the other . "

As it happened, Oswa d had a very narrow squeak indeed that night Somehow, the police must have got word of the l.tle affair for Oswald, from his lofty moonlit pinnacle, sudden y observed *three* sinister figures, not one closing in on three d fferent sides, and starting to climb But luck y for him there is a fourth side to the great pyramid of Cheops and by the time those Arab thugs had reached the top the two lovers were already at the bottom and get ing into the car

The entry for August 24 takes up the story at exactly this point. It is reproduced here word for word and comma for comma as Oswald wrote it Nothing has been altered or added or taken away

August 24 1946

"He'll chop off Isabella's head if he catches her now," Isabella said

"Rubbish" I answered, but I reckoned she was probably right

"He'll chop off Oswa d's head, too she said

Not mine, dear lady I shall be a long way away from here when day light comes I m heading straight up the Nile for Luxor immediate y "

We were driving quickly away from the pyramids now It was about 2 30 a.m

"To Luxor?" she said

Yes."

And Isabella is going with you."

No," I said

Yes," she said

It is against my principles to travel with a lady," I said

I could see some lights ahead of us. They came from the Mena House Hotel, a place where tourists stay out in the desert not far from the pyramids I drove fairly close to the hote, and stopped the

"I m going to drop you here " I said. We had a fine time "

"So you won t take Isabella to Luxor

"I'm afraid not," I said "Come on hop it."

She started to get out of the car then she paused with one foot on the road, and suddenly she swung round and poured out upon me a torrent of language so f.thy yet so fluen that I had heard nothing like it, from the lips of a lady since well, since 1931 in Marrakesh when the greedy old Duchess of Glasgow put her hand into a chocolate-box and got n pped by a scorpion s happened to have placed there for safe keeping (Vol. XIII June 5 193 .

"You are disgusting, " I said

Isabella leapt out and slammed the door so hard the whole car jumped on its wheels. I drove off very fast. Thank heaven I was rid of her I cannot abide bad manners in a pretty girl

As I drove, I kept one eye on the mirror but as yet no car seemed to be following me When I came to the outskirts of Cairo I began threading my way through the side roads, avoiding the cen-

ter of the city. I was not particularly worried. The royal watchdogs were unlike very to carry the matter much further. All the same, it would have been foolhardy to go back to Shepheard's at this point. It wasn't necessary anyway because all my baggage, except for a small valise, was with me in the car. I never leave suitcases behind me in my room when I go out on an evening in a foreign city. I like to be mobile.

I had no intention, of course of going to Luxor. I wanted now to get away from Egypt altogether. I didn't like the country at all. Come to think of it, I never had. The place made me feel uncomfortable in my skin. It was the dirtiness of it all. I think, and the putrid smells. But then let us face it, it really is a rather squalid country, and I have a powerful suspicion, though I hate to say it, that the Egyptians wash themselves less thoroughly than any other peoples in the world, with the possible exception of the Mongolians. Certainly they do not wash their crockery to my taste. There was, believe it or not, a long, crusted, coffee-colored smear stamped upon the rim of the cup they placed before me at breakfast yesterday, though it was repulsive, I kept staring at it and wondering whose slobbery lower lip had done the deed.

I was driving now through the narrow dirty streets of the eastern suburbs of Cairo. I knew precisely where I was going. I had made up my mind about that before I was even halfway down the pyramid with Isabella. I was going to Jerusalem. It was no distance to speak of, and it was a city that I always enjoyed. Furthermore it was the quickest way out of Egypt. I would proceed as follows.

1. Cairo to Ismailia. About three hours' driving. Sing an opera on the way as usual. Arrive Ismailia 6-7 a.m. Take a room and have a two-hour sleep. Then shower, shave, and breakfast.

2. At 10 a.m., cross over the Suez Canal by the Ismailia bridge and take the desert road across Sinai to the Palestine border. Make a search for scorpions en route in the Sinai Desert. Time about four hours, arriving Palestine border 2 p.m.

3. From there, continue straight on to Jerusalem via Beersheba, reaching the King David Hotel in time for cocktails and dinner.

It was several years since I had traveled that particular road, but I remembered that the Sinai Desert was an outstanding place for scorpions. I badly wanted another female *Opisthophthalmus*, a large one. My present specimen had the fifth segment of its tail missing, and I was ashamed of it. It didn't take me long to find the main road to Ismailia, and as soon as I was on it I settled the Lagonda down to a steady sixty-five miles an hour. The road was narrow, but it had a smooth surface, and there was no traffic. The delta country lay bleak and dismal around me in the moonlight, the flat treeless fields, the ditches running between, and the black black soil everywhere. It was inexpressibly dreary.

But it didn't worry me. I was no part of it. I was completely isolated in my own luxurious little shell, as snug as a hermit crab and traveling a lot faster. Oh, how I do love to be on the move, winging away to new people and new places and leaving the old ones far behind! Nothing in the world exhilarates me more than that. And how I despise the average citizen who settles himself down upon one tiny spot of land with one unique woman to breed and stew and rot in the condition unto his life's end. And always with the same woman! I simply cannot believe that any man in his senses would put up with just one female day after day and year after year. Some of them of course don't. But millions pretend they do.

Myself I have never, absolutely never permitted an intimate relationship to last for more than twelve hours. That is the farthest limit. Even eight hours is stretching it a bit, to my mind. Look what happened, for example, with Isabella. While we were upon the summit of the pyramid she was a lady of scintillating parts, as pliant and as playful as a puppy, and had I left her there to the mercy of those three Arab thugs, and skipped down on my own, all would have been well. But I foolishly stuck by her and helped her to descend, and as a result the lovely lady turned into a vulgar screeching trollop disgusting to behold.

What a world we live in! One gets no thanks these days for being chivalrous.

The Lagonda moved on smoothly through the night. Now for an opera. Which one should it be this time? I was in the mood for a Verdi. What about "Aida?" Of course! It must be "Aida," the Egyptian opera. Most appropriate.

I began to sing. I was in exceptionally good voice tonight. I let myself go. It was delightful, and as I drove through the small town of Bilbeis I was Aida herself singing "*Numei pieta*," the beautiful concluding passage of the first scene.

Half an hour later at Zagazig I was Amonasro begging the King of Egypt to save the Ethiopian captives with "*Ma tu re, tu signore possente.*" Passing through El Abbasa I was Radames, rendering "*Fuggiam gli ardori inospiti,*" and now I opened a little windows of the car so that this incomparable love-song might reach the ears of the fellaheen snoring in their hovels along the roadside, and perhaps mingle with their dreams.

As I pulled into Ismailia, it was six o'clock in the morning and the sun was already climbing high in a milky blue heaven, but I myself was in the terrible seated-up dungeon with Aida singing "*O terra, addio, addio valle di pianti!*"

How swiftly the journey had gone. I drove to an hotel. The staff was just beginning to stir. I stirred them up some more and got the best room available. The sheets and blanket on the bed looked as though they had been slept in by twenty-five unwashed Egyptians on twenty-five consecutive nights, and I tore them off with my own hands (which I scrubbed immediately afterwards with antiseptic soap) and replaced them with my personal bedding. Then I set my alarm and slept soundly for two hours.

For breakfast I ordered a poached egg and one rasher of bacon. When the dish arrived and I tell you it makes my stomach curdle just to write about it, there was a *gleaming, curly, jet-black human hair* three inches long, lying diagonally across the yolk of my poached egg. It was too much. I leaped up from the table and rushed out of the dining-room. "*Addio!*" I cried, flinging some money at the cashier as I went by. "*Addio valle di pianti!*" And with that I shook the filthy dust of the hotel from my feet.

Now for the Sinai Desert. What a welcome change that would be. A real desert is one of the least contaminated places on earth, and Sinai was no exception. The road across it was a narrow strip of black tarmac about a hundred and forty miles long, with only a single filling-station and a group of huts at the halfway mark, at a place called Bir Rod Salim. Otherwise there was nothing but pure Arabian desert all the way. It would be very hot at this time of year, and it was essential to carry drinking water in case of a breakdown. I therefore pulled up outside a general store in the main street of Ismailia to refill my emergency canister.

I went in and spoke to the proprietor. The man had a nasty case of trachoma. The granulation on the under surface of his eyelids was so acute that the lids themselves were raised right up off the eyeballs, a beastly sight. I asked him if he would sell me a gallon of *boiled* water. He thought I was mad, and madder still when I insisted on following him back into his grimy kitchen to make sure that he did things properly. He filled a kettle with tap-water and placed it on a paraffin stove. The stove had a tiny pale smoky yellow flame. The proprietor seemed very proud of the stove and of its performance. He stood admiring it, his head on one side. Then he suggested that I might prefer to go back and wait in the shop. He would bring me the water, he said, when it was ready. I refused to leave. I stood there watching the kettle like a lion, waiting for the water to boil, and while I was doing this, the breakfast scene suddenly started coming back to me in all its horror– the egg, the yolk and the hair. Whose hair was it that had been embedded in the slimy yolk of my egg at breakfast? Undoubtedly it was the cook's hair. And when, pray, had the cook last washed his head? He had probably never washed his head. Very well, then. He was almost certainly verminous. But that in itself would not cause a hair to fall out. What *did* cause the cook's hair then to fall out on to my poached egg this morning as he transferred the egg from the pan to the plate? There is a reason for all things, and in this case the reason was obvious. The cook's scalp was infested with purulent seborrhoeic impetigo. And the hair itself, the long black hair that I might so easily have swallowed had I been less alert, was therefore swarming with millions of living pathogenic cocci whose exact scientific name I have, happily, forgotten.

Can I, you ask, be absolutely sure that the cook had purulent seborrhoeic impetigo? Not absolutely sure– no. But if he hadn't, then he certainly had ringworm instead. And what did that mean? I knew only too well what it meant. It meant that ten million microsporons had been clinging and clustering around that awful hair waiting to get into my mouth.

I began to feel sick.

"The water boils," the shopkeeper said triumphantly.

"Let it boil," I told him. "Give it eight minutes more. What's it you want to get– typhus?"

Personally I never drink plain water by itself if I can help it, however pure it may be. Plain water has no flavor at all. I take it of course as tea or as coffee but even then I try to arrange for boiled Vichy or Malvern to be used in the preparation. I avoid tap-water. Tap-water is diabolical stuff. Often it was no thing more nor less than reclaimed sewage.

"Soon this water will be boiled away in steam," the proprietor said, grinning at me with green teeth.

I lifted the kettle myself and poured the contents into my canister.

Back in the shop I bought six oranges, a small watermelon, and a slab of well-wrapped English chocolate. Then I returned to the Lagonda. Now at last I was away.

A few minutes later I had crossed the sliding bridge that went over the Suez Canal just above Lake Timsah, and ahead of me lay the flat blazing desert and the little tarmac road stretching out before me like a black ribbon all the way to the horizon. I settled the Lagonda down to the usual steady sixty-five miles an hour and I opened the windows wide. The air that came in was like the breath of an oven. The time was almost noon and the sun was throwing its heat directly on to the roof of the car. My thermometer inside registered 103°. But, as you know, a touch of warmth never bothers me so long as I am sitting still and am wearing suitable clothes– in this case a pair of cream colored linen slacks, a white Aertex shirt, and a spider silk tie of the most lovely rich moss-green. I felt perfectly comfortable and at peace with the world.

For a minute or two I played with the idea of performing another opera en route. I was in the mood for "La Gioconda"– but after singing a few bars of the opening chorus, I began to perspire slightly, so I rang down the curtain and lit a cigarette instead.

I was now driving through some of the finest scorpion country in the world, and I was eager to stop and make a search before I reached the halfway filling-station at Bir Rod Salim. I had so far met not a single vehicle or seen a living creature since leaving Ismailia an hour ago. This pleased me. Sinai was authentic desert. I pulled up on the side of the road, and switched off the engine. I was thirsty, so I ate an orange. Then I put my white topee on my head and eased myself slowly out of the car, out of my comfortable hermit-crab shell, and into the sunlight. For a full minute I stood motionless in the middle of the road, drinking at the brilliance of the surroundings.

There was a blazing sun, a vast hot sky, and beneath it all, on every side a great pale sea of yellow sand that was not quite of this world. There were mountains now in the distance on the south side of the road, bare, pale-brown, Tanagra-colored mountains faintly glazed with blue and purple, that rose up suddenly out of the desert and faded away in a haze of heat against the sky. The stillness was overpowering. There was no sound at all, no voice of bird or insect anywhere, and it gave me a queer godlike feeling to be standing there alone in the middle of such a splendid hot inhuman landscape, as though I were on another planet altogether, on Jupiter or Mars or on some place more distant and desolate still, where never would the grass grow or the clouds turn red.

I went to the boot of the car and took out my killing-box, my net, and my trowel. Then I stepped off the road into the soft burning sand. I walked slowly for about a hundred yards into the desert, my eyes searching the ground. I was not looking for scorpions but for the lairs of scorpions. The scorpion is a cryptozoic and nocturnal creature who hides all through the day either under a stone or in a burrow according to its type. Only after the sun has gone down does it come out to hunt for food.

The one I wanted, *Opisthophthalmus*, was a burrower, so I wasted no time turning over stones. I searched only for burrows. After ten or fifteen minutes I had found none, but already the heat was getting too much for me, and I decided reluctantly to return to the car. I walked back very slowly, still watching the ground, and I had reached the road and was in the act of stepping on to it when all at once, in the sand not more than twelve inches from the edge of the tarmac, I caught sight of a scorpion's burrow.

I put the killing-box and the net on the ground beside me. Then, with my little trowel, I began very cautiously to scrape away the sand all around the hole. This was an operation that never failed to excite me. It was like a treasure hunt, a treasure hunt with just the right amount of danger accompanying it to stir the blood. I could feel my heart beating away in my chest as I pushed deeper and deeper into the sand.

And suddenly– there she was!

Oh, my heavens, what a whopper! A gigantic scorpion, not *Opisthophthalmus*, as I saw immediately, but *Pandinus*, the other large African burrower. And clinging to her back– this was too good to be true!– swarming all over her, were one, two, three, four, five– a total of fourteen tiny babies! The mother was six inches long at least. Her children were the size of small revolver bullets. She had seen me now, the first human she had ever seen in her life, and her pincers were wide open, her tail was curled high over her back like a question-mark, ready to strike. I took up the net, and slid it swiftly underneath her, and scooped her up. She twisted and squirmed, striking wildly in all directions with the end of her tail. I saw a single large drop of venom fall through the mesh on to the sand. Quickly I transferred her, together with all the offspring, to the killing-box, and closed

the lid. Then I fetched the ether from the car, and poured it through the little gauze hole in the top of the box until the pad inside was well soaked.

How splendid she would look in my collection! The babies would, of course, fall away from her as they died, but I would stick them on again with glue, more or less their correct positions, and then I would be the proud possessor of a huge female *Pandinus* with her own fourteen offspring on her back! I was extremely pleased. I lifted the killing-box (I could see her thrashing about furiously inside) and placed it on the floor together with the net and trowel. Then I returned to my seat in the car, lit a cigarette, and drove on.

The more concentrated I am, the slower I drive. I drove quite slowly now, and it must have taken me nearly an hour more to reach Bir Rod Salim, the halfway station. It was a most unenticing place. On the left there was a single gasoline pump and a wooden shack. On the right, there were three more shacks, each about the size of a potting-shed. The rest was desert. There was not a soul in sight. The time was twenty minutes before two in the afternoon, and the temperature inside the car was 96°.

What with the nonsense of getting the water boiled before leaving Ismalia, I had forgotten completely to fill up with gasoline before leaving, and my gauge was now registering slightly less than two gallons. I'd cut it rather fine, but no matter. I pulled in alongside the pump, and waited. Nobody appeared. I pressed the horn button and the four tuned horns on the Lagonda shouted their wonderful "*Sanguinibus et tre*" across the desert. Nobody appeared. I pressed again.

sang the horns. Mozart's phrase bounced magnificently in these surroundings. But still nobody appeared. The inhabitants of Bir Rod Salim didn't give a damn, it seemed, about my friend Don Giovanni and the one thousand and three women he had deflowered in Spain.

At last, after I had played the horns no less than six times, the door of the hut behind the gasoline pump opened and a tall Arab man emerged and stood on the threshold, doing up his buttons with both hands. He took his time over this, and not until he had finished did he glance up at the Lagonda. I looked back at him through my open window. I saw him take the first step in my direction. Then he took it very, very slowly. Then he took a second step.

My God!" I thought at once. "The spirochetes have got him!"

He had the slow, wobbly walk, the loose-limbed high-stepping gait of a man with locomotor ataxia. With each step he took, the front foot was raised high in the air before him and brought down violently to the ground as though he were stamping on a dangerous insect.

I thought I had better get out of here. I had better start the motor and get the hell out of here before he reaches me. But I knew I couldn't. I *had* to have the gasoline. I sat in the car staring at the awful creature as he came stamping aboriously over the sand. He must have had the revolting disease for years and years, otherwise I wouldn't have developed into ataxia. *Tabes dorsalis*, they call it in professional circles, and pathologically this means that the victim is suffering from degeneration of the posterior columns of the spinal cord. But ah, my foes and oh my friends, it is really a lot worse than that. It is a slow and merciless consuming of the actual nerve fibers of the body by syphilitic toxins.

The man (the Arab I shall call him) came right up to the door on my side of the car and peered in through the open window. I leaned away from him, praying that he would come not an inch closer. Without a doubt he was one of the most blighted humans I had ever seen. His face had the eroded, eaten-away look of an old wood-carving when the worm has been at it, and the sight of it made me wonder how many other diseases the man was suffering from, besides syphilis.

"*Salaam*," he mumbled.

"Fill up the tank," I told him.

He didn't move. He was inspecting the interior of the Lagonda with great interest. A terrible fecund odor came wafting in from his direction.

"Come along!" I said sharply. "I want some gasoline!"

He looked at me and grinned. It was more of a leer than a grin, an insolent mocking leer that seemed to be saying, I am the king of the gasoline pump at Bir Rod Salim! Touch me if you dare!" A fly had settled in the corner of one of his eyes. He made no attempt to brush it away.

"You want gasoline?" he mocked.

I was about to swear at him, but I checked myself just in time, and answered politely. "Yes, please."

He watched me slyly for a few moments to be sure I wasn't mocking him, then he nodded as though satisfied now with my behavior. He turned away and started slowly toward the rear of the car. I reached into the door-pocket for my bottle of Grenmorangie. I poured myself a stiff one and sat sipping it. The man's face had been within a yard of my own. His foetid breath had come pouring into the car, and who knows how many billions of airborne viruses might not have come pouring in with it? On such an occasion it is a fine thing to sterilize the mouth and throat with a drop of Highland whisky. The whisky is also a solace. I emptied the glass, and poured myself another. Soon I began to feel less alarmed. I noticed the watermelon lying on the seat beside me. I decided that a slice of it at this moment would be refreshing. I took my knife from its case and cut out a thick section. Then, with the point of the knife, I carefully picked out all the black seeds, using the rest of the melon as a receptical.

I sat drinking the whisky and eating the melon. Both were delicious.

"Gasoline is done," the dreadful Arab said, appearing at the window. "I check water now and oil."

I would have preferred him to keep his hands off the Lagonda altogether, but rather than risk an argument I said nothing. He went clumping off toward the front of the car, and his walk reminded me of a drunken Hitler stormtrooper doing the goosestep in very slow motion.

Tabes dorsalis, as I live and breathe!

The only other disease to induce that queer high-stepping gait is chronic *beriberi*. Well, he probably had that one, too. I took myself another slice of watermelon and concentrated for a minute or so on taking out the seeds with the knife. When I looked up again, I saw that the Arab had raised the bonnet of the car on the right-hand side, and was bending over the engine. His head and shoulders were out of sight, and so were his hands and arms. What on earth was the man doing? The oil dipstick was on the other side. I rapped on the windshield. He seemed not to hear me. I put my head out of the window and shouted, "Hey! Come out of there!" Slowly, he straightened up, and as he drew his right arm out of the bowels of the engine, I saw that he was holding in his fingers something that was long and black and curly and very thin.

Good God, I thought, he's found a

snake in the engine!

He came round to the window, grinning and holding the object out for me to see. And on a piece of wire that was no more than a foot long I recognized the thing. It was not a snake at all. It *was the fan-belt of my Lagonda*.

All the awful implications of suddenly being stranded in this godforsaken place with this disgusting man came flooding over me as I sat there staring dumbly at my broken fan-belt.

"You can see," the Arab was saying, "it was hanging on by a single thread. A good thing I noticed it."

I took it from him and examined it closely. "You've cut it!" I cried.

"I cut nothing. It was already like that. It would have broken completely in another few miles. You are lucky I saw it. You have no spare. You would have had to wait for the mail-truck which comes from Cairo to Ismalia on Wednesday. Today is Tuesday. Perhaps you would like to wait here for the mail-truck?"

"I suppose you know I can't go on without a fan-belt?" I said.

He grinned again now, showing a row of broken yellow teeth. "Everything breaks in the motor-car sometimes," he said. "You will not be the first. What do you suggest?"

"I shall get you another fan-belt."

"Where?"

"Of course there is a telephone here, and if you will pay for the call, I will telephone to Ismalia. And if they haven't got one in Ismalia, I will telephone to Cairo. There is no problem."

"No problem!" I shouted, getting out of the car. "And when, pray, do you think the fan-belt is going to arrive in this godforsaken place?"

The dreadful man looked me over slowly from head to foot, and I could see that every time I opened my mouth to speak he was making up his mind that I was a bigger fool than he had at first supposed. "Perhaps," he said, "you have another fan-belt?"

"Of course not. I've had this car for only a few months. I've never had to change a fan-belt before."

Then how can you be so sure that it was the fan-belt that broke? I wanted to say, but I didn't. I was very quiet now, watching him closely.

"They will not have a fan-belt for a machine of this make in Ismalia," I said.

"It would have to come from the agents in Cairo. I will telephone them myself."

The fact that there was a telephone gave me some comfort. The telephone poles had followed the road all the way across the desert, and I could see the two wires leading into the hut from the nearest pole.

"I will ask the agents in Cairo to send out immediately for this piece in a special vehicle," I said.

The Arab looked along the road toward Cairo, some two hundred miles away. "Who is going to drive six hours here and six hours back to bring a fan-belt?" he said. "The mail will be just as quick."

"Show me the telephone," I said, starting toward the hut. Then a nasty thought struck me, and I stopped.

How could I possibly use this man's contaminated instrument? The earpiece would have to be pressed against my ear, and the mouthpiece would almost certainly touch my mouth, and I didn't give a damn what the doctors said about the impossibility of catching syphilis from remote contact. A syphilitic mouthpiece was a syphilitic mouthpiece, and you won't catch *me* putting it anywhere near *my* lips, thank you very much. I wouldn't even enter his hut.

"Of course. There is a telephone here, and if you will pay for the call, I will telephone to Ismalia. And if they haven't got one in Ismalia, I will telephone to Cairo. There is no problem."

"No problem!" I shouted, getting out of the car. "And when, pray, do you think the fan-belt is going to arrive in this godforsaken place?"

The dreadful man looked me over slowly from head to foot, and I could see that every time I opened my mouth to speak he was making up his mind that I was a bigger fool than he had at first supposed. "Perhaps," he said, "you have another fan-belt?"

"Of course not. I've had this car for only a few months. I've never had to change a fan-belt before."

Then how can you be so sure that it was the fan-belt that broke? I wanted to say, but I didn't. I was very quiet now, watching him closely.

"They will not have a fan-belt for a machine of this make in Ismalia," I said.

"It would have to come from the agents in Cairo. I will telephone them myself."

The fact that there was a telephone gave me some comfort. The telephone poles had followed the road all the way across the desert, and I could see the two wires leading into the hut from the nearest pole.

"I will ask the agents in Cairo to send out immediately for this piece in a special vehicle," I said.

The Arab looked along the road toward Cairo, some two hundred miles away. "Who is going to drive six hours here and six hours back to bring a fan-belt?" he said. "The mail will be just as quick."

"Show me the telephone," I said, starting toward the hut. Then a nasty thought struck me, and I stopped.

How could I possibly use this man's contaminated instrument? The earpiece would have to be pressed against my ear, and the mouthpiece would almost certainly touch my mouth, and I didn't give a damn what the doctors said about the impossibility of catching syphilis from remote contact. A syphilitic mouthpiece was a syphilitic mouthpiece, and you won't catch *me* putting it anywhere near *my* lips, thank you very much. I wouldn't even enter his hut.

I stood there in the sizzling heat of the afternoon and looked at the Arab with his ghastly diseased face, and the Arab looked back at me as cool and unruffled as you please.

"You want the telephone?" he asked.

"No," I said. "Can you read English?"

"Oh, yes."

"Very well, I shall write down for you the name of the agents and the name of this car and also my own name. They know me there. You will then tell them what is wanted. And listen, tell them to dispatch a special car immediately at my expense. I will pay them well. And if they won't do that, tell them they *have* to get the fan-belt to Ismalia in time to catch the mail-truck. You understand?"

"There is no problem," the Arab said.

So I wrote down what was necessary on a piece of paper and gave it to him. He walked away with that slow, stamping tread toward the hut, and disappeared inside. I closed the bonnet of the car. Then I went back and sat in the driver's seat to think things out.

I poured myself another whisky, and lit a cigarette. There must be *some* traffic on this road. Somebody would surely come along before nightfall. But would that help me? No, it wouldn't unless I were prepared to hitch a ride and leave the Lagonda and all my baggage behind to the tender mercies of the Arab. Was I prepared to do that? I didn't know. Probably yes. But if I were forced to stay the night, I would lock myself in the car and try to keep awake as much as possible. On no account would I enter the shack where that creature lived. Nor would I touch his food. I had whisky and water and I had half a watermelon and a slab of chocolate. That was ample.

The heat was pretty bad. The thermometer in the car was still around 104°. It was hotter outside in the sun. I was perspiring freely. My God, what a place to get stranded in! And what a companion.

After about fifteen minutes, the Arab came out of the hut. I watched him all the way to the car.

"I talked to garage in Cairo," he said, pushing his face in through the window. "Fan-belt will arrive tomorrow by mail-truck. Everything arranged."

"Did you ask them about sending it at once?"

"They said impossible," he answered.

"You're sure you asked them?"

He inclined his head to one side and gave me that sly insolent grin. I turned away and waited for him to go. He stayed where he was. "We have house for visitors," he said. "You can sleep there very nice. My wife will make food, but you will have to pay."

"Who else is there besides you and your wife?"

"Another man," he said. He waved an arm in the direction of the three shacks across the road, and I turned and saw a man standing in the doorway of the middle shack, a short wide man who was dressed in dirty khaki slacks and shirt.

He was standing absolutely motionless in the shadow of the doorway, his arms dangling at his sides. He was looking at me.

"Who is he?" I said.

"Saich."

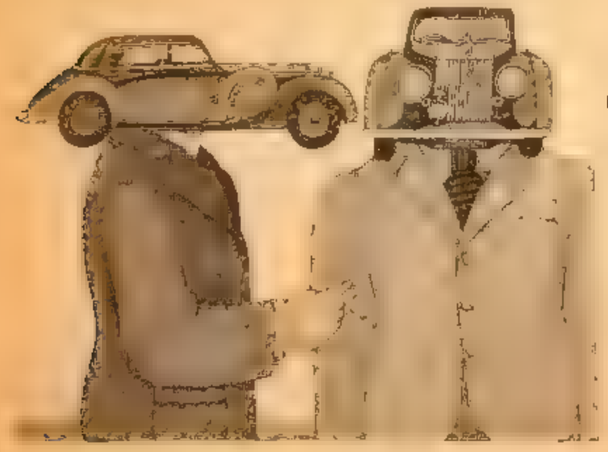
"What does he do?"

He [illegible] sweep [illegible] car [illegible] And it will not be necessary for your wife to prepare food. I have my own." The Arab shrugged and turned away and started back toward the shack where the telephone was. I stayed in the car. What else could I do? It was just after two-thirty. In three or four hours' time it would start to get a little cooler. Then I could take a stroll and maybe hunt up a few scorpions. Meanwhile, I must make the best of things as they were. I reached into the back of the car where I kept my box of books, and without looking, I took out the first one that I touched. The box contained thirty or forty of the best books in the world, and each one could be reread a hundred times and would improve with each reading. It was immaterial which one I got. It turned out to be *The Natural History of Selborne*. I opened it at random.

We had in the village more than twenty years ago an idiot boy whom I well remember, who, from a child, showed a strong propensity to seek after what he was his food, his amusement, his sole object. And as people of this caste have seldom more than one point of view, this lad exerted all his few faculties in [illegible] pursuit. I was [illegible] to [illegible] me with [illegible] by the [illegible] asked [illegible] [illegible] deputy [illegible] money; [illegible] answer he was [illegible] quest of his game in the fields [illegible] sunny banks. Honey bees, bumble bees, and wasps were his prey wherever he found them, he had no apprehensions from their stings, but would seize them *nudis manibus*, and at once disarm them of their weapons, and suck their bodies

for the sake of their honey-bags. Sometimes he would fill his bosom, between his shirt and his skin, with a number of these captives, and sometimes confine them to bootlaces. He was a very *merops apiaster*, or bee-bird, and very injurious to men that kept bees, for he would slide into their bee-gardens, and, sitting down before the stools, would rap with his fingers on the lives, and so take the bees as they came out. He has been known to overturn hives for the sake of honey, of which he is passionately fond. Where metheglin was making, he would linger round the tubs and vessels, begging a draught of what he called bee-wine. As he ran about, he used to make a humming noise with his lips, resembling the buzzing of bees . . .

I glanced up from the book and looked around me. The motor-lorry man across the road had disappeared. There was no-



body in sight. The silence was eerie, and the stillness, the utter loneliness and desolation of the place was profoundly oppressive. I knew I was being watched. I knew that every single move I made, every sip of whisky and every puff of a cigarette was being carefully noticed. I detest violence and I never carry a weapon. But I could have done with one now. For a while, I toyed with the idea of starting the motor and driving on down the road until the engine boiled over. But how far would I get? Not very far in this heat and without a fan. One mile, perhaps, or two at the most.

No, to hell with it. I would stay where I was and read my book.

It must have been about an hour after that I noticed a small dark speck moving toward me along the road in the far distance, coming from the Jerusalem direction. I had laid aside my book without taking my eyes away from the speck. I watched it growing bigger and bigger. It was travelling at a great speed, at a really amazing speed. I got out of the Lagonda and hurried to the side of the road and stood there, ready to signal the driver to stop.

Closer and closer it came and when it was about a quarter of a mile away it began to slow down. Suddenly I noticed the shape of its radiator. It was a *Rolls-Royce!* I raised an arm and kept it raised, and the big green car with a man at the wheel pulled in off the road and stopped beside my Lagonda.

I felt absurdly elated. Had I been a Ford or a Morris, I would have been pleased enough, but I would not have been elated. The fact that it was a Rolls or a Bentley would have done equally well, or an Isotta, or another Lagonda. It was a virtual guarantee that I would receive all the assistance I required, for whether you know it or not, there is a powerful brotherhood existing among people who own very costly automobiles. They respect one another automatically, and the reason they respect one another is simply that wealth respects wealth. In point of fact, there is nobody in the world that a very wealthy person respects more than another very wealthy person, and because of this, they naturally seek each other out wherever they go. Recognition signals of many kinds are used among them. With the female, the wearing of massive jewels is perhaps the most common, but the costly automobile is also much favored, and is used by both sexes. It is a graven placard, a public declaration of affluence, and as such it is also a card of membership to that excellent unofficial society, the Very-Wealthy-People Union. I am a member myself of long standing, and am delighted to be one. When I meet another member, as I was about to do now, I feel an immediate rapport. I respect him. We speak the same language. He is one of us. I had good reason, therefore, to be elated.

The driver of the Rolls climbed out and came toward me. He was a small dark man with olive skin and he wore an immaculate white linen suit. Probably a Syrian, I thought. Just possibly a Greek. In the heat of the day he looked as cool as could be.

"Good afternoon," he said. "Are you having trouble?"

I greeted him, and then bit by bit I told him everything that had happened.

"My dear fellow," he said in perfect English, "but my *dear fellow*, how very distressing. What rotten luck. This is no place to get stranded in."

"It isn't, is it?"

"And you say that a new fan-belt has definitely been ordered?"

"Yes," I answered, "if I can rely upon the proprietor of this establishment."

The Arab, who had emerged from his shack almost before the Rolls had come to a stop, had now joined us, and the stranger proceeded to question him swiftly in Arabic about the steps he had taken in my behalf. It seemed to me that the two knew each other pretty well and it was clear that the Arab was in great awe of the new arrival. He was practically crawling along the ground in his presence.

"Well, that seems to be all right," the stranger said at last, turning to me. "But quite obviously you won't be able to move on from here until tomorrow morning. Where were you headed for?"

"Jerusalem," I said. "And I don't relish the idea of spending the night in this infernal spot."

"I should say not, my dear man. That would be most uncomfortable." He smiled at me, showing exceptionally white teeth. Then he took out a cigarette case, and offered me a cigarette. The case was gold, and on the outside of it there was a thin line of dark green jade inlaid diagonally from corner to corner. It was a beautiful thing. I accepted the cigarette. He lit it for me, then lit his own.

The stranger took a long pull at his cigarette, inhaling deeply. Then he tilted back his head and blew the smoke up into the sun. "We shall both have heatstroke if we stand around here much longer," he said. "Will you permit me to make a suggestion?"

"But of course."

"I do hope you won't consider it presumptuous, coming from a complete stranger . . ."

"Please . . ."

"You can't possibly remain here, so I suggest you come back and stay the night in my house."

There! The Rolls-Royce was smiling at the Lagonda, smiling at it as it would never have smiled at a Ford or a Morris!

"You mean in Ismailia?" I said.

"No, no," he answered, laughing. "I live just around the corner, just over there." He waved a hand in the direction he had come from.

"But surely you were going to Ismailia? I wouldn't want you to change your plans on my behalf."

"I wasn't going to Ismailia at all," he said. "I was coming down here to collect the mail. My house, and this may surprise you, is quite close to where we are standing. You see that mountain. That is Maghara. I'm immediately behind it."

I looked at the mountain. It lay about ten miles to the north, a yellow rocky lump, perhaps two thousand feet high. "Do you really mean that you have a house in the middle of all this?" I asked. "In this wasteland?"

"You don't believe me?" he said, smiling.

"Of course I believe you," I answered. "Nothing surprises me any more. Except, perhaps," and here I smiled back at him, "except when I meet a stranger in the middle of the desert, and he treats me like a brother. I am overwhelmed by your offer."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow. My motives are entirely selfish. Civilized company is not easy to come by in these parts. I am quite thrilled at the thought of having a guest for dinner. Permit me to introduce myself. Abdul Aziz." He made a quick little bow.

"Oswald Cornelius," I said. "It is a great pleasure." We shook hands.

"I live partly in Beirut," he said.

"I live in Paris."

"Charming. And now, shall we go? Are you ready?"

"But my car," I said. "Can I leave it here safely?"

"Have no fear about that. Omar is a friend of mine. He's not much to look at, poor chap, but he won't let you down if you're with me. And the other one, Saleh, is a good mechanic. He'll fit your new fan-belt when it arrives tomorrow, I'll tell him now."

Saleh, the man from across the road, had walked over while we were talking. Mr. Aziz gave him his instructions. He then spoke to both men about guarding the Lagonda. He was brief and incisive. Omar and Saleh stood bowing and scraping. I went across to the Lagonda to get a suitcase. I needed a change of clothes badly.

"Oh, by the way," Mr. Aziz called over to me, "I usually put on a black tie for dinner."

"Of course," I murmured, quickly pushing back my first choice of suitcase and taking another.

"I do it for the ladies mostly. They seem to like dressing themselves up for dinner."

I turned sharply and looked at him, but he was already getting into his car.

"Ready?" he said.

I took the suitcase and placed it in the back of the Rolls. Then I climbed into the front seat beside him, and we drove off.

During the drive, we talked casually about this and that. He told me that his business was in carpets. He had offices in Beirut and Damascus. His forefathers, he said, had been in the trade for hundreds of years.

I mentioned that I had a seventeenth-century Damascus carpet on the floor of my bedroom in Paris.

"You don't mean it!" he cried, nearly swerving off the road with excitement. "Is it silk and wool, with the warp made entirely of silk? And has it got a ground of gold and silver threads?"

"Yes," I said. "Exactly."

"But my dear fellow! You mustn't put a thing like that on the floor!"

"It is touched only by bare feet," I said.

That pleased him. It seemed that he loved carpets almost as much as I loved the blue vases of *Ch'ien-Hou*.

Soon we turned left off the tarred road on to a hard stony track and headed straight over the desert towards the mountain. "This is my private driveway," Mr. Aziz said. "It is five miles long."

"You are even on the telephone," I said, noticing the poles that branched off the main road to follow his private drive.

And then suddenly a queer thought struck me.

That Arab at the filling-station . . . he was also on the telephone.

Might not this, then, explain the fortuitous arrival of Mr. Aziz?

Was it possible that my lonely host had devised a clever method of shanghaiing travelers off the road in order to provide himself with what he called "civilized company" for dinner? Had he, in fact, given the Arab standing instructions to immobilize the cars of all likely-looking persons one after the other as they came along? "Just cut the fan-belt, Omar. Then phone me up quick. But make sure it's a decent-looking fellow with a good car. Then I'll pop along and see if I think he's worth inviting to the house . . ."

It was ridiculous, of course.

"I think," my companion was saying, "that you are wondering why in the world I should choose to have a house out here in a place like this."

"Well, yes. I am a bit."

"Everyone does," he said.

"Everyone?" I said.

"Yes," he said.

Well, well, I thought, everyone.

"I live here," he said, "because I have a peculiar affinity with the desert. I am drawn to it in the same way as a sailor is drawn to the sea. Does that seem so very strange to you?"

"No," I answered, "it doesn't seem strange at all."

He paused and took a pull at his cigarette. Then he said, "That is one reason. But there is another. Are you a family man, Mr. Cornelius?"

"Unfortunately not," I answered cautiously.

"I am," he said. "I have a wife and a daughter. Both of them, in my eyes at any rate, are very beautiful. My daughter is just eighteen. She has been to an excellent boarding-school in England, and she is now . . ." he shrugged . . . "she is now just sitting around and waiting until she is old enough to get married. But this waiting period: what does one do with a beautiful young girl during that time? I can't let her loose. She is far too desirable for that. When I take her to Beirut I see the men hanging around her like wolves waiting to pounce. It drives me nearly out of my mind. I know all about men, Mr. Cornelius. I know how they behave. It is true, of course, that I am not the only father who has had this problem. But the others seem somehow able to face it and accept it. They let their daughters go. They just turn them out of the house and look the other way. I cannot do that. I simply *cannot bring* myself to do it. I refuse to allow her to be mauled by every Achmed Ali and Hamil that comes along. And that, you see, is the other reason why I live in the desert: to protect my lovely child for a few more years from the wild beasts. Did you say that you had no family at all, Mr. Cornelius?"

"I'm afraid that's true."

"Oh." He seemed disappointed. "You mean you've never been married?"

"Well . . . no," I said. "No, I haven't." I waited for the next inevitable question. It came about a minute later.

"Have you never *wanted* to get married and have children?"

They all asked that one. It was simply another way of saying, "Are you in that case, homosexual?"

"Once," I said. "Just once."

"What happened?"

"There was only one person ever in my life, Mr. Aziz . . . and after she went . . ." I sighed.

"You mean she died?"

I nodded, too choked up to answer.

"My dear fellow," he said. "Oh, I am so sorry. Forgive me for intruding."

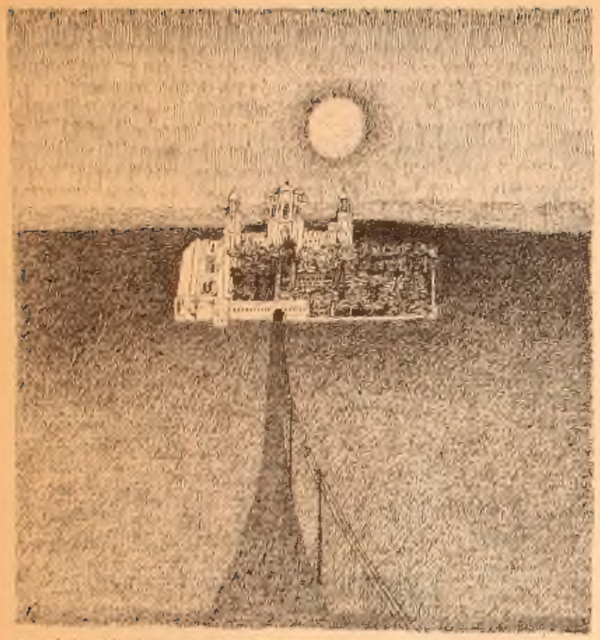
We drove on for a while in silence.

"It's amazing," I murmured, "how one loses all interest in matters of the flesh after a thing like that. I suppose it's the shock. One never gets over it."

He nodded sympathetically, swallowing hard.

"So now I was traveling around trying to forget. I've been doing it for years."

We had reached the foot of Mount Maghara now and were following the track as it curved around the mountain.



toward the side that was invisible from the road—the north side. "As soon as we round the next bend you'll see the house," Mr. Aziz said.

We rounded the bend . . . and there it was! I blinked and stared, and I tell you that for the first few seconds I literally could not believe my eyes. I saw before me a white castle—I mean it—*a tall, white castle* with turrets and towers and little spires all over it, standing like a fairy-tale in the middle of a small splash of green vegetation on the lower slope of the blazing-hot, yellow, bare mountain! It was fantastic! It was straight out of Hans Andersen or Grimm. I had seen plenty of romantic-looking Rhine and Loire valley castles in my time, but never before had I seen anything with such a slender, graceful, fairy-tale quality as this! The greenery, as I observed when we drew closer, was a pretty garden of lawns and date-palms, and there was a high white wall going all the way round to keep out the desert.

"Do you approve?" my host asked, smiling.

"It's fabulous!" I said. "It's like all the fairy-tale castles in the world made into one."

"That's exactly what it is!" he cried. "It's a fairy-tale castle! I built it especially for my daughter, my beautiful Princess."

And the beautiful Princess is imprisoned within its walls by her strict and jealous father, King Abdul Aziz, who refuses to allow her the pleasures of masculine company. But watch out, for here comes Prince Oswald Cornelius to the rescue! Unbeknownst to the King, he is going to ravish the beautiful Princess, and make her very happy.

"You have to admit it's different," Mr. Aziz said.

"It is that."

"It is also nice and private. I sleep very peacefully here. So does the Princess. No unpleasant young men are likely to come climbing in through *those* windows during the night."

"Quite so," I said.

"It used to be a small oasis," he went on. "I bought it from the government. We have ample water for the house, the swimming-pool, and three acres of garden."

We drove through the main gates, and I must say it was wonderful to come suddenly into a miniature paradise of green lawns and flower-beds and palm-trees. Everything was in perfect order, and water-sprinklers were playing on the lawns. When we stopped at the front-door of the house, two servants in spotless gallabiyahs and scarlet tarboushes ran out immediately, one to each side of the car, to open the doors for us.

Two servants? But would both of them have come out like that unless they'd been expecting *two* people? I doubted it. More and more, it began to look as though my odd little theory about being shanghaied as a dinner guest was turning out to be correct. It was all very very amusing.

My host ushered me in through the front-door, and at once I got that lovely shivery feeling that comes over the skin as one walks suddenly out of intense heat into an air-conditioned room. I was standing in the hall. The floor was of green marble. On my right, there was a wide archway leading to a large room, and I received a fleeting impression of cool white walls, fine pictures, and superlative Louis XV furniture.

What a place to find oneself in, in the middle of the Sinai Desert!

And now a woman was coming slowly down the stairs. My host had turned away to speak to the servants, and he didn't see her at once, so when she reached the bottom step, the woman paused, and she laid her naked arm like a white anaconda along the rail of the banister, and there she stood, looking at me as though she were Queen Semiramis on the steps of Babylon, and I was a candidate who might or might not be to her taste. Her hair was jet-black, and she had a figure that made me wet my lips.

When Mr. Aziz turned and saw her, he said, "Oh, darling, there you are. I've brought you a guest. His car broke down at the filling-station—such rotten luck—so I asked him to come back and stay the night. Mr. Cornelius . . . my wife."

"How very nice," she said quietly, coming forward.

I took her hand and raised it to my lips. "I am overcome by your kindness, madame," I murmured. There was, upon that hand of hers, a diabolical perfume. It was almost exclusively animal. The subtle, sexy secretions of the sperm-whale, the male musk-deer, and the beaver were all there, pungent and obscene beyond words; they dominated the blend completely, and only faint traces of the clean vegetable oils—lemon, cajuput, and neroli—were allowed to come through. It was superb! And another thing I noticed in the flash of that first moment was this: when I took her hand, she did not, as other women do, let it lie limply across my palm like a fillet of raw fish. Instead, she placed her thumb *underneath* my own hand, with the fingers on top; and thus she was able to—and I swear she did—exert a gentle but suggestive pressure upon my hand as I administered the conventional kiss.

"Where is Diana?" asked Mr. Aziz.

"She's out by the pool," the woman said. And turning to me, "Would *you* like a swim, Mr. Cornelius? You must be roasted after hanging around that awful filling-station."

She had huge velvet eyes, so dark they were almost black, and when she smiled at me, the end of her nose moved upwards, distending the nostrils.

There and then, Prince Oswald Cornelius decided that he cared not one whit about the beautiful Princess who was held captive in the castle by the jealous King. He would ravish the Queen instead.

"Well . . ." I said.

"I'm going to have one," Mr. Aziz said.

"Let's all have one," his wife said.

"We'll lend you a pair of trunks if you haven't got any."

I asked if I might go up to my room first and get out a clean shirt and clean slacks to put on after the swim, and my hostess said, "Yes, of course," and told one of the servants to show me the way. He took me up two flights of stairs, and we entered a large white bedroom which had in it an exceptionally large double-bed. There was a well-equipped bathroom leading off to one side, with a pale blue bath tub and a bidet to match. Everywhere, things were scrupulously clean and very much to my liking.

While the servant was unpacking my case, I went over to the window and looked out, and I saw the great blazing desert sweeping in like a yellow sea all the way from the horizon until it met the white garden wall just below me, and there, within the wall, I could see the swimming-pool, and beside the pool there was a girl lying on her back in the shade of a big pink parasol. The girl was wearing a white swimming-costume, and she was reading a book. She had long, slim legs and black hair. She was the Princess.

What a set-up, I thought. The white castle, the comfort, the cleanliness, the air-conditioning, the two dazzlingly beautiful females, the watchdog husband, and a whole evening to work in!

The situation was so perfectly designed for my entertainment that it would have been impossible to improve upon it. The problems that lay ahead appealed to me very much. A simple straightforward seduction did not amuse me any more. There was no artistry in that sort of thing; and I can assure you that had I been able, by waving a magic wand, to make Mr. Abdul Aziz, the jealous watchdog, disappear for the night, I would not have done so. I wanted no Pyrrhic victories.

When I left the room, the servant accompanied me. We descended the first flight of stairs, and then, on the landing of the floor below my own, I paused and said casually, "Does the whole family sleep on this floor?"

"Oh, yes," the servant said. "That is the master's room there"—indicating a door—"and next to it is Mrs. Aziz. Miss Diana is opposite."

Three separate rooms. All very close together. Virtually impregnable. I tucked the information away in my mind and went on down to the pool. My host and hostess were there before me.

"This is my daughter, Diana," my host said.

The girl in the white swimming-suit stood up and I kissed her hand. "Hello, Mr. Cornelius," she said.

She was using the same heavy animal perfume as her mother—ambergris, musk, and castor! What a smell it had—bitchy, brazen and marvelous! I sniffed at it like a dog. She was, I thought, even more beautiful than the parent, if that were possible. She had the same large velvety eyes, the same black hair, and the same shape of face; but her legs were unquestionably longer, and there was something about her body that gave it a slight edge over the older woman's; it was more sinuous, more snaky, and almost certain to be a good deal more flexible. But the older woman, who was probably thirty-seven and looked no more than twenty-five, had a spark in her eye that the daughter could not possibly match.

Eeny, meeny, miny, mo—just a little while ago, Prince Oswald had sworn that he would ravish the Queen alone, and to hell with the Princess. But now that he had seen the Princess in the flesh, he did not know which one to prefer. Both of them, in their different ways, held forth a promise of innumerable delights, the one innocent and eager, the other expert and voracious. The truth of the matter was that he would like to have them both—the Princess as an hors d'oeuvre, and the Queen as the main dish.

"Help yourself to a pair of trunks in the changing-room, Mr. Cornelius," Mrs. Aziz was saying, so I went into the hut and changed, and when I came out again the three of them were already splashing about in the water. I dived in and joined them. The water was so cold it made me gasp.

"I thought that would surprise you," Mr. Aziz said, laughing. "It's cooled. I keep it at sixty-five degrees. It's more refreshing in this climate."

Later, when the sun began dropping lower in the sky, we all sat around in our wet swimming clothes while a servant brought us pale, ice-cold martinis, and it was at this point that I began, very slowly, very cautiously, to seduce the two ladies in my own particular fashion. Normally, when I am given a free hand, this is not especially difficult for me to do. The curious little talent that I happen to possess—the ability to hypnotize a woman with words—very seldom lets me down. It is not, of course, done only with words. The words themselves, the innocuous, superficial words, are spoken only by the mouth, whereas the real message, the improper and exciting promise, comes from all the limbs and organs of the body, and is transmitted through the eyes. More than that I cannot honestly tell you about how it is done. The point is that it works. It works like cantharides. I believe that I could sit down opposite the Pope's wife, if he had one, and within fifteen minutes, were I to try hard enough, she would be leaning towards me over the table with her lips apart and her eyes glazed with desire. It is a minor talent, not a great one, but I am nonetheless thankful to have had it bestowed upon me, and I have done my best at all times to see that it has not been wasted.

So the four of us, the two wondrous women, the little man, and myself, sat close together in a semi-circle beside the swimming-pool, lounging in deck-chairs and sipping our drinks and feeling the warm six o'clock sunshine upon our skin. I was in good form. I made them laugh a great deal. The story about the greedy old Duchess of Glasgow putting her hand in the chocolate-box and getting nipped by one of my scorpions had the daughter falling out of her chair with mirth, and when I described in detail the interior of my spider breeding-house in the garden outside Paris, both ladies began wriggling with revulsion and pleasure.

It was at this stage that I noticed the eyes of Mr. Abdul Aziz resting upon me in a good-humored, twinkling kind of way. "Well, well," the eyes seemed to be saying, "we are glad to see that you are not quite so disinterested in women as you led us to believe in the car . . . Or is it, perhaps, that these congenial surroundings are helping you to forget that great sorrow of yours at last . . ."

Mr. Aziz smiled at me, showing his pure white teeth. It was a friendly smile. I gave him a friendly smile back. What a friendly little fellow he was. He was genuinely delighted to see me paying so much attention to the ladies. So far, then, so good.

I shall skip very quickly over the next few hours, for it was not until after midnight that anything really tremendous happened to me. A few brief notes will suffice to cover the intervening period.

At seven o'clock, we all left the swimming-pool and returned to the house to dress for dinner.

At eight o'clock, we assembled in the big living-room to drink another cocktail. The two ladies were both superbly turned out, and sparkling with jewels. Both of them wore low-cut, sleeveless evening-dresses which had come, without any doubt at all, from some great fashion house in Paris. My hostess was in black, her daughter in pale blue, and the scent of that intoxicating perfume was everywhere about them. What a pair they were! The older woman had that slight forward hunch to her shoulders which one sees only in the most passionate and practiced of females; for in the same way as a horsy woman will become bandy-legged from sitting constantly upon a horse, so a woman of great passion will develop a curious roundness of the shoulders from continually embracing men. It is an occupational deformity, and the noblest of them all.

The daughter was not yet old enough to have acquired this singular badge of honor, but with her it was enough for me simply to stand back and observe the shape of her body and to notice the splendid sliding motion of her thighs underneath the tight silk dress as she wandered about the room. She had a line of tiny

soft golden hairs growing all the way up the exposed length of her spine, and when I stood behind her it was difficult to resist the temptation of running my knuckles up and down those lovely vertebrae.

At eight-thirty, we moved into the dining-room. The dinner that followed was a really magnificent affair, but I shall waste no time here describing food or wine. Throughout the meal I continued to play most delicately and insidiously upon the sensibilities of the women, employing every skill that I possessed; and by the time the dessert arrived, they were melting before my eyes like butter in the sun.

After dinner we returned to the living-room for coffee and brandy, and then, at my host's suggestion, we played a couple of rubbers of bridge. By the end of the evening, I knew for certain that I had done my work well. The old magic had not let me down. Either of the two ladies, should the circumstances permit, was mine for the asking. It was not deluding myself over this. It was a straightforward, obvious fact. It stood out a mile. The face of my hostess was bright with excitement, and whenever she looked at me across the card-table, those huge dark velvety eyes would grow bigger and bigger, and the nostrils would dilate, and the mouth would open slightly to reveal the tip of a moist pink tongue squeezing through between the teeth. It was a marvelously lascivious gesture, and more than once it caused me to trump my own trick. The daughter was less daring but equally direct. Each time her eyes met mine, and that was often enough, she would raise her brows just the tiniest fraction of a centimeter, as though asking a question; then she would make a quick sly little smile, supplying the answer.

"I think it's time we all went to bed," Mr. Aziz said, examining his watch. "It's after eleven. Come along, my dears."

Then a queer thing happened. At once, without a second's hesitation and without another glance in my direction, both ladies rose and made for the door! It was astonishing. It left me stunned. I didn't know what to make of it. It was the quickest thing I'd ever seen. And yet it wasn't as though Mr. Aziz had spoken angrily. His voice, to me at any rate, had sounded as pleasant as ever. But now he was already turning out the lights, indicating clearly that he wished me also to retire. What a blow! I had expected at least to receive a whisper from either the wife or the daughter before we separated for the night, just a quick three or four words telling me where to go and when, but instead, I was left standing like a fool beside the card-table while the two ladies glided out of the room.

My host and I followed them up the stairs. On the landing of the first floor, the mother and daughter stood side by side, waiting for me.

"Goodnight, Mr. Cornelius," my hostess said.

"Goodnight, Mr. Cornelius," the daughter said.

"Goodnight, my dear fellow," Mr. Aziz said. "I do hope you have everything you want."

They turned away, and there was nothing for me to do but continue slowly, reluctantly, up the second flight of stairs to my own room. I entered it and closed the door. The heavy brocade curtains had already been drawn by one of the servants, but I parted them and leaned out of the window to take a look at the night. The air was still and warm, and a brilliant moon was shining over the desert. Below me, the swimming-pool in the moonlight looked something like an enormous glass mirror lying flat on the lawn, and beside it I could see the four deck-chairs we had been sitting in earlier on.

Well, well, I thought. What happens now?

One thing I knew I must not do in this house was to venture out of my room and go prowling around the corridors. That would be suicide. I had learned many years ago that there are three breeds of husband with whom one must never take unnecessary risks—the Bulgarian, the Greek, and the Syrian. None of them, for some reason, resents you flirting quite openly with his wife, but he will kill you at once if he catches you getting into her bed. Mr. Aziz was a Syrian. A degree of prudence was therefore essential, and if any move were going to be made now, it must be made not by me but by one of the two women, for only she (or they) would know precisely what was safe and what was dangerous. Yet I had to admit that after witnessing the way in which my host had called them both to heel four minutes ago, there was very little hope of further action in the near future. The trouble was, though, that I had gotten myself so infernally steamed up.

I undressed and took a long cold shower. That helped. Then, because I have never been able to sleep in the moonlight, I made sure that the curtains were tightly drawn together. I got into bed, and for the next hour or so I lay reading some more of Gilbert White's *Natural History of Selborne*. That also helped, and at last, somewhere between midnight and one a.m., there came a time when I was able to switch out the light and prepare myself for sleep without altogether too many regrets.

I was just beginning to doze off when I heard some tiny sounds. I recognized them at once. They were sounds that I had heard many times before in my life, and yet they were still, for me, the most thrilling and evocative in the whole world. They consisted of a series of little soft metallic noises, of metal grating gently against metal, and they were made, they were always made by somebody who was very slowly, very cautiously, turning the handle of one's door from the outside. Instantly, I became wide awake. But I did not move. I simply opened my eyes and stared in the direction of the door; and I can remember wishing at that moment for a gap in the curtain, for just a small thin shaft of moonlight to come in from outside so that I could at least catch a glimpse of the shadow of the lovely form that was about to enter. But the room was as dark as a dungeon.

I did not hear the door open. No hinge squeaked. But suddenly a little gust of air swept through the room and rustled the curtains, and a moment later I heard the soft thud of wood against wood as the door was carefully closed again. Then came the click of the latch as the handle was released. Next, I heard feet tiptoeing toward me over the carpet.

For one horrible second, it occurred to me that this might just possibly be Mr. Abdul Aziz creeping in upon me with a long knife in his hand, but then all at once a warm extensile body was bending over mine, and a woman's voice was whispering in my ear, "*Don't make a sound!*"

"My dearest beloved," I said, wondering which one of them it was. "I knew you'd . . ." Instantly her hand came over my mouth.

"*Please!*" she whispered. "*Not another word!*"

I didn't argue. My lips had many better things to do than that. So had hers.

Here I must pause. This is not like me at all—I know that. But just for once, I wish to be excused a detailed description of the great scene that followed. I have my own reasons for this and I beg you to respect them. In any case, it will do you no harm to exercise your own imagination for a change, and if you wish, I will stimulate it a little by saying simply and truthfully that of the many thousands and thousands of women I have known in my time, none has transported me to greater extremes of ecstasy than this lady of the Sinai Desert. Her dexterity was amazing. Her passion was intense. Her range was unbelievable. At every turn, she was ready with some new and intricate maneuver. And to cap it all, she possessed the most subtle and recondite style I have ever encountered. She was a great artist. She was a genius.

All this, you will probably say, indicated clearly that my visitor must have been the older woman. You would be wrong. It indicated nothing. True genius is a gift of birth. It has very little to do with age; and I can assure you I had no way of knowing for certain which of them it was in the darkness of that room. I wouldn't have bet a penny on it either way. At one moment, after some particularly boisterous cadenza, I would be convinced it was the wife. *It must be the wife!* Then suddenly the whole tempo would begin to change, and the melody would become so childlike and innocent that I found myself swearing it was the daughter. *It must be the daughter!*

Maddening it was not to know the true answer. It tantalized me. It also humbled me, for after all, a connoisseur, a supreme connoisseur, should always be able to guess the vintage without seeing the label on the bottle. But this one really had me beat. At one point, I reached for cigarettes, intending to solve the mystery in the flare of a match, but her hand was on me in a flash, and cigarettes and matches both were snatched away and flung across the room. More than once, I began to whisper the question itself into her ear, but I never got three words out before the hand shot up again and smacked itself over my mouth. Rather violently, too.

Very well, I thought. Let it be for now. Tomorrow morning, downstairs in the daylight, I shall know for certain which one of you it was. I shall know by the glow on the face, by the way the eyes look back into mine, and by a hundred other little telltale signs. I shall also know by the marks that my teeth have made on the left side of the neck, above the dress line. A rather wily move, that one, I thought, and so perfectly timed—my vicious bite was administered during the height of her passion—that she never for one moment realized the significance of the act.

It was altogether a most memorable night, and at least four hours must have gone by before she gave me a final fierce embrace, and slipped out of the room as quickly as she had come in.

The next morning I did not awaken until after ten o'clock. I got out of bed and drew open the curtains. It was another brilliant, hot, desert day. I took a leisurely bath, then dressed myself as carefully as ever. I felt relaxed and chipper. It made me very happy to think that I could still summon a woman to my room with my eyes alone, even in middle age. And what a woman! It would be fascinating to find out which one of them she was. I would soon know.

I made my way slowly down the two flights of stairs.

"Good morning, my dear fellow, good morning!" Mr. Aziz said, rising from a small desk he had been writing at in the living-room. "Did you have a good night?"

"Excellent, thank you," I answered, trying not to sound smug.

He came and stood close to me, smiling with his very white teeth. His shrewd little eyes rested on my face and moved over it slowly, as though searching for something.

"I have good news for you," he said. "They called up from Bir Rod Salim five minutes ago and said your new fan-belt had arrived by the mail-truck. Saleh is fitting it on now. It'll be ready in an hour. So when you've had some breakfast, I'll drive you over and you can be on your way."

I told him how grateful I was.

"We'll be sorry to see you go," he said. "It's been an immense pleasure for all of us having you drop in like this, an immense pleasure."

I had my breakfast alone in the dining-room. Afterwards, I returned to the living-room to smoke a cigarette while my host continued writing at his desk.

"Do forgive me," he said. "I just have a couple of things to finish here. I won't be long. I've arranged for your case to be packed and put in the car, so you have nothing to worry about. Sit down and enjoy your cigarette. The ladies ought to be down any minute now."

The wife arrived first. She came sailing into the room looking more than ever like the dazzling Queen Semiramis of the Nile, and the first thing I noticed about her was the pale green chiffon scarf knotted casually around her neck! Casually but carefully! So carefully that no part of the skin of the neck was visible. The woman went straight over to her husband and kissed him on the cheek. "Good morning, my darling," she said.

You cunning beautiful bitch, I thought.

"Good *morning*, Mr. Cornelius," she said gaily, coming over to sit in the chair opposite mine. "Did you have a good night? I do hope you had everything you wanted."

Never in my life have I seen such a sparkle in a woman's eyes as I saw in hers that morning, nor such a glow of pleasure in a woman's face. "I had a very good night indeed, thank *you*," I answered, showing her that I knew.

She smiled and lit a cigarette. I glanced over at Mr. Aziz who was still writing away busily at the desk with his back to us. He wasn't paying the slightest attention to his wife or to me. He was, I thought, exactly like all the other poor cuckolds that I had ever created. Not one of them would believe that it could happen to him, not right under his own nose.

"Good morning, everybody!" cried the daughter, sweeping into the room. "Good morning, daddy! Good morning, mummy!" She gave them each a kiss. "Good morning, Mr. Cornelius!" She was wearing a pair of pink slacks and a rust-colored blouse, and I'll be damned if she didn't also have a scarf tied carelessly but carefully around her neck! A chiffon scarf!

"Did you have a decent night?" she asked, perching herself like a young bride on the arm of my chair, arranging herself in such a way that one of her thighs rested against my forearm. I leaned back and looked at her closely. She looked back at me and winked. She actually winked! Her face was glowing and sparkling every bit as much as her mother's, and if anything, she seemed even more pleased with herself than the older woman.

I felt pretty confused. Only one of them had a bite mark to conceal, yet both of them had covered their necks with scarves. I conceded that this might be a coincidence, but on the face of it, it looked much more like a conspiracy to me. It looked as though they were both working closely together to keep me from discovering the truth. But what an extraordinary screwy business! And what was the purpose of it all? And in what other peculiar ways, might I ask, did they plot and plan together among themselves? Had they drawn lots or something the night before? Or did they simply take it in turns with visitors? I *must* come back again, I told myself, for another visit as soon as possible just to see what happens the next time. In fact, I might motor down specially from Jerusalem in a day or two. It would be easy, I reckoned, to get myself invited again.

"Are you ready, Mr. Cornelius?" Mr. Aziz said, rising from his desk.

"Quite ready," I answered.

The ladies, sleek and smiling, led the way outside to where the big green Rolls-Royce was waiting. I kissed their hands and murmured a million thanks to each of them. Then I got into the front seat beside my host, and we drove off. The mother and daughter waved. I lowered my window and waved back. Then we were out of the garden and into the desert, following the stony yellow track as it

skirted the base of Mount Maghara, with the telegraph poles marching along beside us.

During the journey, my host and I conversed pleasantly about this and that. I was at pains to be as agreeable as possible because my one object now was to get myself invited to stay at the house again. If I didn't succeed in getting *him* to ask *me*, then *I* should have to ask *him*. I would do it at the last moment. "Goodbye, my dear friend," I would say, gripping him warmly by the throat, as it were. "May I have the pleasure of dropping in to see you again if I happen to be passing this way?" And of course he would say yes.

"Did you think I exaggerated when I told you my daughter was beautiful?" he asked me.

"You understated it," I said. "She's a raving beauty. I do congratulate you. But your wife is no less lovely. In fact, between the two of them they almost swept me off my feet," I added, laughing.

"I noticed that," he said, laughing with me. "They're a couple of very naughty girls. They do so love to flirt with other men. But why should I mind. There's no harm in flirting."

"None whatsoever," I said.

"I think it's gay and fun."

"It's charming," I said.

In less than half an hour we had reached the main Ismailia-Jerusalem road. Mr. Aziz turned the Rolls on to the black tarmac strip and headed for the filling-station at seventy miles an hour. In a few moments we would be there. So now I tried moving a little closer to the subject of another visit, fishing gently for an invitation. "I can't get over your house," I said. "I think it's simply wonderful."

"It is nice, isn't it?"

"I suppose you're bound to get pretty lonely out there, on and off, just the three of you together?"

"It's no worse than anywhere else," he said. "People get lonely wherever they are. A desert, or a city—it doesn't make much difference, really. But we do have visitors, you know. You'd be surprised at the number of people who drop in from time to time. Like you, for instance. It was a great pleasure having you with us, my dear fellow."

"I shall never forget it," I said. "It is a rare thing to find kindness and hospitality of that order nowadays."

I waited for him to tell me that I must come again, but he didn't. A little silence sprang up between us, a slightly uneasy little silence. To bridge it, I said, "I think yours is the most thoughtful paternal gesture I've ever heard of in my life."

"Mine?"

"Yes. Building a house right out there in the back of beyond and living in it just for your daughter's sake, to protect her. I think it's remarkable."

I saw him smile, but he kept his eyes on the road and said nothing. The filling-station and the group of huts were now in sight about a mile ahead of us. The sun was high and it was getting hot inside the car.

"Not many fathers would put themselves out to that extent," I went on.

Again he smiled, but somewhat bashfully, this time, I thought. And then he said, "I don't deserve *quite* as much credit as you like to give me, really I don't. To be absolutely honest with you, that pretty daughter of mine isn't the only reason for my living in such splendid isolation."

"I know that."

"You do?"

"You told me. You said the other reason was the desert. You loved it, you said, as a sailor loves the sea."

"So I did. And it's quite true. But there's still a third reason."

"Oh, and what is that?"

He didn't answer me. He sat quite still with his hands on the wheel and his eyes fixed on the road ahead.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I shouldn't have asked the question. It's none of my business."

"No, no, that's quite all right," he said. "Don't apologize."

I stared out of the window at the desert. "I think it's hotter than yesterday," I said. "It must be well over a hundred already."

"Yes."

I saw him shifting a little in his seat, as though trying to get comfortable, and then he said, "I don't really see why I shouldn't tell you the truth about that house. You don't strike me as being a gossip."

"Certainly not," I said.

We were close to the filling-station now, and he had slowed the car down almost to walking-speed to give himself time to say what he had to say. I could see the two Arabs standing beside my Lagonda, watching us.

"That daughter," he said at length, "the one you met—she isn't the only daughter I have."

"Oh, really?"

"I've got another who is five years older than her."

"And just as beautiful, no doubt," I said. "Where does she live? In Beirut?"

"No, she's in the house."

"In which house? Not the one we've just left?"

"Yes."

"But I never saw her!"

"Well," he said, turning suddenly to watch my face, "maybe not."

"But why?"

"She has leprosy."

I jumped.

"Yes, I know," he said, "it's a terrible thing. She has the worst kind, too, poor girl. It's called anaesthetic leprosy. It is highly resistant, and almost impossible to cure. If only it were the modular variety, it would be much easier. But it isn't, and there you are. So when a visitor comes to the house, she keeps to her own apartment, on the third floor . . ."

The car must have pulled into the filling-station about then because the next thing I can remember was seeing Mr. Abdul Aziz sitting there looking at me with those small clever black eyes of his, and he was saying, "But my dear fellow, you mustn't alarm yourself like this. Calm yourself down, Mr. Cornelius, calm yourself down! There's absolutely nothing in the world for you to worry about. It is not a very contagious disease. You have to have the most *intimate* contact with the person in order to catch it . . ."

I got out of the car very slowly and stood in the sunshine. The Arab with the diseased face was grinning at me and saying, "Fan-belt all fixed now. Everything fine." I reached into my pocket for cigarettes, but my hand was shaking so violently I dropped the packet on the ground. I bent down and retrieved it. Then I got a cigarette out and managed to light it. When I looked up again, I saw the green Rolls-Royce already half a mile down the road, and going away fast.

A subscription to Avant-Garde absolutely free!

As you might expect, we at Avant-Garde have found it neither easy nor profitable to reach potential subscribers through the mass media. A potential subscriber to Avant-Garde must be open-minded, literate, and somewhat unconventional. In short, he must be the kind of individual who cannot be reached economically through ads in, say, Reader's Digest.

On the other hand, we know that the kind of individual who reads Avant-Garde tends to associate with his peers. Therefore, we believe that you, an Avant-Garde subscriber, must number among your friends, acquaintances, and professional colleagues, at least one potential subscriber to Avant-Garde. And to persuade you to introduce that person to our magazine, we're prepared to make the following offer:

If you will bring us a new subscriber—at the Special Introductory Rate of eight months for only $6.99—we will extend your own subscription for eight months absolutely free!

That's right, we'll present you with the better part of a year of the most exciting and beautiful new magazine in the country today absolutely free!

How can we afford to make this offer? Frankly, although we lose money on it, we hope to make it up in the long run through repeated renewals by your friend. Maybe we're wrong, but that's a chance we're prepared to take. Meanwhile, the opportunity to take advantage of this unparalleled offer is yours.

To enter your friend's subscription—and have your own extended absolutely free—simply fill out the Subscription Order Form envelope facing this page, enclose $6.99, and pop it into the mail. No stamp is necessary. The check accompanying the order can be yours or your friend's for you can chip in and send two checks).

Furthermore, if you are not yet an Avant-Garde subscriber, you, too, can take advantage of this double-bonus offer. Simply enter a new subscription for yourself and a subscription for a friend and pay only $6.99—the usual price of one subscription—for both.

We hope you'll accept this invitation. We at Avant-Garde love to entertain and any friend of yours is a friend of ours.

AVANT GARDE

110 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018

"Aarrrggh!"

Above is the verbatim testimonial of a typically confused subscriber who can't tell our journalism from our satire; as a matter of principle there are never any labels in **The Realist** because we prefer readers to dig their own incredibility gap. Below are the highlights of our five most **"Aarrrggh!"** issues; they cost $1 or they're free with a subscription.

"The Parts That Were Left Out of the Kennedy Book"—the feature that caused the largest number of subscription cancelations in 9 years; plus **"Case History of the Manchester Caper"**—a follow-up on the background and repercussions of that feature.

Cartoons—the offensive ones by pros like Ed Fisher that get rejected by commercial periodicals; and spreads created specifically for **The Realist**—the Disneyland Memorial Orgy, the Junkie Battalion, Ed Sorel's I've Got Rhythm movie poster.

"The Cynic Route from Crazy SANE to Loving Haight"—all about cheerleaders at a peace rally, the LSD game; behind the scenes with the Diggers, the Joe Pyne show, and the League for Sexual Freedom.

Celebrity Mucking—"An Impolite Interview with Woody Allen", Steve Allen describes a bizarre dinner with William F. Buckley; "Dick Gregory and His Mississippi Airlift", Norman Mailer's speech at Berkeley.

"Legal and Actual Concentration Camps in America"—a legacy of the McCarran Act, still ready and waiting—revisited by Charles R. Allen, the man who first broke the story in 1952.

Soft-Core Pornography—the obscene telephone calling service, the homosexual editor of a girlie magazine, in defense of those little comic books that men like.

"Blow-Up, Psychedelic Sexualis and The War Game"—three contemporary films and how they relate to **Great Moments in Violence**, from Tompkins Sq. Park to LBJ's $1000-a-plate bash; latter-day hedonism, from hippyland to the Renaissance Pleasure Faire; and infamous personalities, from Mort Sahl to Herman Kahn.

Old-Fashioned Exposes—The President's ranch holdings; Hell's Angels as patriots; secret budget for CIA expenditures; Marvin Kitman's advice to the veterunion; the sex life of J. Edgar Hoover; the future of flag-burning; Who killed Adlai Stevenson?

Sacrilegious Dept.—The Americanization of Zen; The Devil's Visit to New York; Little Orphan Annie's campaign against Mental Health.

Inside Reports—from Hanoi, the Dominican Republic and the final Bratwurst Festival in Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

The Realist, Dept. A/G
595 Broadway
New York, N.Y. 10012

Enclosed please find:

- ☐ $1 for the five most "Aarrrggh!" issues
- ☐ $3 for a 10-issue subscription plus those five issues free
- ☐ $5 for a 20-issue subscription plus those five issues free

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....